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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

# BEN HAMED:

—OR,—

# THE CHILDREN OF FATE.

## A STORY OF THE EASTERN WORLD.

BY HORACE B. STANIFORD.

[CONCLUDED.]

### CHAPTER XXII.

REUNION. ANOTHER MYSTERY.

LABAN was a small town among the Koordistan Mountains, and on the usually travelled route from Persia to Trebizond and other places on the Euxine. It was guarded by a strong high wall, and was once the seat of one of the emirs of the northern king. To this place Assad had been led in safety. Here he had found Abdalla, and that person had immediately gone in quest of Morgiana, as the reader already knows.

One day Assad was in the sumptuously furnished apartment which had been given him for his use, and he was moody and sad. Heavy clouds had been gathering on the mountain tops, for the rainy season of the year was near at hand, and the dark masses had rolled down the declivities into the vales beneath. The youth paced up and down the gaudily bedecked floor, and his steps were slow and unsteady.

"Marouf," he said, turning to his faithful attendant, "how long have we been here?"

"This is the fourteenth day, my master, since we crossed the mountains, and the twelfth day since we entered this place."

"And yet I know not why I am here, nor for what purpose I am thus secured. These glorious mountains invite my steps, but I must not tread them. These glowing valleys smile as though they would bid me welcome to their downy bosoms, and yet I am not allowed to walk forth. Marouf, I like it not. I begin to tire of this confinement, and my suspicions are tired of changing from fear to hope, and from hope to fear again."

"I know, my master, that things move strangely here; and yet I cannot suspect evil yet. He whom we call Mokanna, but whom I have heard addressed by another name, I feel sure loves you, and this morning I noticed that he seemed sad and gloomy."

"You spoke of another name, Marouf. What was it that you heard the old man called?"

"*Ben Hamed.*"

"Ben Hamed!" muttered Assad, to himself. "Surely I have heard that name. Ben Hamed el Koord — But no, he cannot be that one, for he was slain during an insurrection many years ago. I have heard the story often. But then there is no wonder in this, for I am well aware that Mokanna has never yet appeared to me in his right character."

"Yet, my master, I do most firmly believe that thou mayest trust him. I know he loves thee well."

"Then why does he not trust me? Why keep me here thus?"

"He says there is danger to you abroad."

"Danger! By my soul, Marouf, I would rather face ten thousand dangers than thus be tied down to inactivity."

"But this may not last much longer. When —— Ha! Look there! Some one approaches. By Allah, my master, 'tis Abdalla!"

In an instant Assad was at the window, and a quick cry of joy broke from his lips as he recognised two female forms in the cavalcade which came winding up towards the palace. Breathlessly he watched them, and ere long he could plainly see Morgiana's features. The cloud went from his face, and the burden from his heart, and in his frantic joy he embraced Marouf as though he were a messenger of the tidings just arrived.

The party entered the wide court, but Assad did not leave his apartment, for he felt sure that Mokanna would send the maiden up. He waited, for he wished not to meet his beloved before so many. He paced the floor quickly now, and he was just becoming anxious when he heard footsteps approaching. He approached the door, it was pushed open—and Morgiana was in his presence. He uttered one cry of joy, and caught her in his arms.

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"Now the clouds have gone, and the bright day opens upon me once more," murmured Assad, as he still held the lovely being to his bosom "My heart's made glad, and my fears all have vanished."

"God who is all-merciful, hath done this thing," responded Morgiana. "His goodness alone hath compassed our joy."

And so the lovers talked on, while in another part of the room sat Gulnare telling to Marouf the story of her wonderful adventures. By-and-by, Assad grew calm enough to listen to the story, and when Morgiana had told him all he was lost in amazement.

"O, who now shall say, there is no God!" he uttered, warmly, and with clasped hands. "Who but the Maker of all things could have done these wonderful deeds? Verily, his hand hath wrought it all, and to him be all the praise. Out of the pit of destruction hath he brought us, and up from the way of darkness and death hath he led with a sure hand. In every line his finger is seen, and in much love hath he ministered to our necessities. O, my beloved, while we live we will not forget him, for his arm is over us, and his great mercy saveth us."

Morgiana wept with joy while Assad thus spoke, and when he had finished she bowed her head upon his bosom, and she could only murmur words of praise and love.

When the sun had reached its meridian height, and the beauty and glory of the day was accomplished, the mists rolled up the mountain sides again, and ere long the clouds all passed away. The lovers now calmly conversed, and the thousand questions which naturally arose from the strange things that had transpired, were asked and answered.

Two days thus passed away, and during that time the lovers forgot to question the intent of Mokanna in keeping them there. They had wondered much upon the strange fate that seemed to enwrap them, but neither of them could throw any light upon the subject.

It was on the morning of the third day, and ere the light began to glow in the east, Assad heard strange sounds upon the hillside and in the court. It was like the clanging of steel, and the tramp of uneasy steeds. When the sun was up the youth looked forth, and he saw the court filled with armed men. Their look astonished him, for they were not like the soldiers he had been wont to see in his southern home. They were stout, dark men, each one of whom seemed a match for a full guard of the caliph's mamlouks.

At an early hour Morgiana came forth from her apartment, for she had heard the sound, and she had wondered at it much.

"What means it all?" asked the maiden, after she had gazed awhile upon the strange scene.

"I know not," returned Assad.

"But see," added Morgiana, "many of them wear the same garb as those who captured us, and who were our enemies."

"I have noticed that," replied the youth; "and it has puzzled me. What make you of it, Marouf?"

"I am as much in the dark as you, my master," was the slave's reply.

At this juncture both Mokanna and Abdalla entered. They were attired in sumptuous robes, and well-armed, and each wore a vizier's turban. One half their age seemed gone in those warlike robes, and only the silver of the beard remained to tell the tale.

"Mokanna—"

"Hold, Assad— I am Mokanna no more from this time forth, but *Ben Hamed el Koord.*"

"*Ben Hamed!—el Koord!*" uttered the youth, Was it not the Koord of whose death I was told in childhood?"

"Ay—my death was currently reported and believed. And so was it said of Abdalla el Zebak, but yet you see him here."

"Abdalla el Zebak!" the youth pronounced, in wonder. "Were you the two great northern viziers who ruled awhile as kings, and who gave the great Caliph, Al Mahadi, such signal aid in times of trouble?"

"Ay, Assad, we are the very men. That was long years ago, when we were young and ambitious. But come, we wait for you."

"And wherefore? What is all this parade and show of arms?" asked Assad, waving his hand toward the court, which was now fairly bristling with spears.

"It is for our safe conduct through the country," replied Ben Hamed. "Come—once more place thyself beneath my guidance—once more trust me with thy confidence—and ere long there shall be no more mystery."

"But whither goest thou?"

"Further to the north, and further to the west. We cross the Redwan Mountains, and then follow on awhile upon the banks of the Tigris. Come—thine apparel awaits thee. What ho! slaves attend here!"

Two eunuchs and two female slaves here made their appearance, and at a motion from Ben Hamed Assad followed the former from the place, while the latter took Morgiana and Gulnare in charge.

Assad was conducted to an apartment where huge polished mirrors of silver plate adorned the walls, and here he was presented with a dress the like of which he had never worn before. It was adorned with gold and precious stones, and the flowing vest alone was a treasure in itself. As soon as he was fully dressed he went forth into the hall, and shortly afterwards he was joined there by Morgiana. He was startled when he beheld her, for she was like the sun at noonday in the dazzling beauty of her face, and in the gorgeousness of her apparel. She, too, was equally moved at sight of him, for she clapped her hands in surprise, and her eyes sparkled till they outshone the diamonds that rested upon her pure white bosom.

"By Allah, O, my beloved, will these mysteries never cease? What make you now of this?"

"It passeth my comprehension," replied the maiden. "But I think they mean us no harm."

"No, by Allah, they cannot. The God of all wisdom never put Ben Hamed's face upon a bad man. He must be of a noble and true heart, and so will I trust him!"

"God bless thee, my son!"

Assad turned quickly upon hearing these words, and he beheld Ben Hamed himself, standing by his side with tears in his eyes.

"I spoke not that for thy ears," said the youth, blushing.

"Full well I know it, and hence I prize it," returned the old man, embracing Assad, warmly. "But come. We wait only for you."

Thus speaking, Ben Hamed led the way out into the court, and there Assad saw two horses caparisoned in a style of richness that fairly surpassed all his former ideas of grandeur in that department of trappings. He first assisted Morgiana to the saddle of one, and then he vaulted upon the back of the other. Marouf and Gulnare were next provided, and then Ben Hamed gave the order to move.

First rode out the lieutenant in command, and after him rode four hundred soldiers. Next went Ben Hamed and Abdalla, with Assad and Morgiana, and Gulnare and Marouf in company. And then followed four hundred more armed men.

Assad gazed upon the gorgeous army as it filed out from the wide court, and he wondered what it all meant.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

WHAT HAPPENED IN THE PRESENCE OF A KING.

BEGAR sat upon the throne of Diarbekir and Aden. He was now an old man, and the frost of many winters was upon his beard. His features were hard and harsh, and his brow was low and dark. His eye was ever restless and uneasy, and his fingers worked nervously amid the folds of his robe.

It was in the early part of the day, and Begar was upon his golden throne with his officers about him. Those officers, who stood nearest to him, were hard and harsh in feature like their master, while those who possessed more humane features were tremulous and uneasy. Within the great audience chamber were collected a few people who had come to demand justice. They, too, were hard-featured men, for the poor and honest people of the city no longer came to the king for relief, having found to their cost that nothing but money would purchase his decisions. A case had just been disposed of, in which the king, for a hundred pieces of gold, had granted to an old merchant the right to tear down the house of a neighbor which cast a shade upon his garden at noon, when the herald announced that the Emir Bahader approached the palace.

"I have asked not for his presence, but still he is welcome," said the king. "Let him be conducted to our presence."

In a few moments more the emir entered and approached the throne. He was pale and trembling, and as he bowed before his king his confusion was manifest.

"How now, Bahader?" asked Begar, as the emir arose. "I have heard of the success of thy mission, and I wished the damsel sent to me that I might see her ere she died. Thou, it seems, chose to bring her."

"Alas, sire, I have not," returned the emir, trembling at every joint.

"What! Were not my orders explicit? Wherefore is she not here?"

"She has escaped, sire."

"Escaped! Now, by Allah, dog! thou liest! How could she escape from thy stout castle?"

"It is true, sire—she has escaped."

"By the ascension of the prophet, thou liest!" the king gasped, while he turned pale as death and grasped his sceptre as if for support. "O, thou son of a dog, and grandson of a dog, how tellest thou me she has escaped, when but the week before this last thou didst send to me that she was safe within thy walls?"

"Listen to me, O king of the age, and most mighty among the great ones of earth—listen while I tell thee the wondrous method of her escapement."

"Speak, slave! but by the lives of all the prophets, from Adam to Mahomet, if thou tellest me falsely thy head shall be struck off and hung up for birds to feed upon, and thy carcase thrown out to the dogs!"

"What I shall speak is most true, O king; and, moreover, thou knowest that 'twould be madness in me to speak otherwise. The damsel was safe within my palace, and her companion was with her. One morning Noam, the wife of Abou Ben Aden, came to me in affright, and informed me that the girls were both dead. I hastened to the apartment, and there I found them stretched lifeless upon the floor, without breath or motion, and near them I found a small box of most deadly poison. So I made sure they had taken their own lives in sorrow for having been brought away from their home. I had them sewed up in coarse sheets, like common slaves, and then sent out eight of my most trusty slaves to bury them. The hours passed away until near noon, and yet my slaves did not return, so I went out to learn the cause, and I found them all bound, hand and foot, with gags in their mouths. I quickly set them free, and they told me that—

"They had placed the bodies aside while they dug the graves, and there came out from the wood close at hand an old dervish who asked them concerning my return, and also if I came with company. While they answered him he cried out and asked them why they thus buried people alive? Then he rushed to the body of the damsel, and having cut open the winding-sheet she sat up and talked, and soon the other sheet was cut, and in like manner did the second damsel. Thereupon the dervish uttered a great cry, and a score of armed men rushed out from the wood, seized the slaves and bound them, and then carried away the maidens. Now whether that dervish was a magician, and restored the dead to life, or whether the damsels took only poison enough to stupefy, but not to kill, and thus revived of their own accord, I cannot say. At once I sent out my slaves and mamlouks in all directions, but the fugitives could not be found. Only that I awaited the return of some whom I had sent to the south, I should have come to you before."

"Is this the truth, Bahader?" asked the king, his first emotions of passion having been overcome by absolute fear.

"As I hope for salvation, it is, my king."

"Then, by Allah, she must be sent for again, and this time she shall be killed the moment she is found. Since the caliph has saved us all trouble concerning the youth, we must—"

"Hold, sire. The caliph has spared Assad."

"How, dog! Spared him? Then by Allah, thou liest in my face!"

"No, sire. When I wrote to thee, I felt sure the youth was executed, for preparations were all made ere I left Bagdad. But this very morning I met a merchant from Bagdad who informed me that Haroun al Rashid had pardoned the youth, and dismissed him with honor and with favors."

"Was there a cause for this?" the king asked, now white with fear.

"Ay, an excellent cause, so this merchant told me. Thou knowest the caliph's habits of wandering about his city in disguise. He and Giafar were out thus one night, and having ventured into a small boat they were upset into the Tigris, and this youth and his attending slave saved their lives. Haroun recognized them before the executioners had done their work."

"O, may pestilion seize them all!" gasped Begar. "Has death itself turned traitor to me?"

"Sire," spoke the emir, in a lower tone, and moving close up to the throne, "suppose I told thee that Ben Hamed el Koord lived? and that Abdalla el Zebak—"

"Out! thou ranting, lying, foul-mouthed dog! Now thy tongue runs riot in falsehood, and—"

Before the infuriated king could finish the sentence, a messenger, all dust-covered and heated, rushed into the royal presence.

"What now, slave?" the monarch cried, starting with new fear.

"Sire," spoke the messenger, kneeling before the throne, and speaking with difficulty, "a great army is near thy city, the dust of which is like the clouds that go before a storm!"

"An army!" uttered the king, starting to his feet.

"O, sire," quickly spoke the emir, "I told thee truly, when I said that Ben Hamed lived; and Abdalla el Zebak also lives. If they—"

Another messenger here rushed in and prostrated himself before the throne.

"How now, slave?" gasped Begar.

"A great army is even now at our walls, sire," the messenger answered.

"Who leads them?" asked the emir.

"I saw them from the tower at the eastern gate, and in their midst ride two old men clad in the habiliments of viziers, and with them ride a youth and a damsel shining like two suns."

"By Allah, I told thee!" cried the emir.

The king leaped down from his throne and swung the golden sceptre above his head. He forgot his age in the terrible excitement of that moment.

"What ho!" he cried, in tones of startling power. "Where are our centurions and our mamlouks? Sound the alarm from every corner, and in every place! Arouse the soldiers, and arm the slaves! Bahader, if harm do befall me, thy head shall answer for it! Away and start up my people. Arm! Arm! To horse! to horse! All—all! Now by the living God of all things, these dogs shall die! Out, out! for by the souls of my fathers, the man who lags now becomes carrion food for dogs! To the gates! Sluts—"

Here the king became fairly exhausted, and but for the assistance of two of his eunuchs he would have fallen to the floor. When he recovered himself he was alone with none about him save these two slaves.

"Lead me to my throne," he said, "for there I'll sit. My viziers will return soon."

So the old king regained his throne, still grasping the mighty sceptre in his hand. He had not sat there long before a man came rushing into the audience chamber all covered with dust and blood, his garments torn and soiled, and his face frightfully bruised.

"Who art thou?" the terrified king uttered.

"Dost not know thy faithful emir?" gasped the man.

"Bahader?" queried the king.

"Ay, my master—thus then beholdest me," groaned Bahader, grasping the edge of the throne for support. "Thy viziers are both slain, and I should have been had I not thus made my escape!"

"But where are our men? our soldiers? Where our lieutenants and our mamlouks? Speak, slave!"

"All gone, sire."

"Gone? Dead?"

"No, my master. They have all gone over to the enemy—every man of them, and Ben Hamed and Abdalla have the city. There are none left—not one. The people who but one hour ago would have trembled before thee, now curse thee loudly, and demand thine instant death!"

"Not one, O, emir!" groaned the king, sinking back upon his throne. "Are my officers all gone—my mamlouks—my eunuchs? All, all, O, emir!"

"All, my master!"

At this moment there came the sound of many voices in the wide court of the palace, and soon the great hall was thundering with heavy feet. In a few moments more two aged men stalked into the audience chamber. They were Ben Hamed el Koord and Abdalla el Zebak. And behind them came their principal officers, while mingling with them in closest amity were the great officers of the kingdom. On they came, hundreds upon hundreds, until the vast room of audience was one sea of swaying turbans. Then the multitude divided to the right and to the left, and Ben Hamed and Abdalla went forth, and when they returned they were followed by ten black slaves who bore upon their shoulders a throne of ivory inlaid with gold, with diamonds, with pearls, and with coral, and rubies, and emeralds, and upon it sat Assad and Morgiana, shining in their beauty, so that all the beholders were moved with wonder and admiration.

The old king had at first started to his feet, and as he saw that more than half of those present were of his own people, he resolved to make one more effort.

"What ho!" he cried, "slaves, know ye not your king? Have ye turned all cowards, and fear the evil invaders? Up, up! and clear our city of the foul pest! By Allah, the man who dares to disobey shall die! What ho, Galzain and Shahirah—call out your men and strike for your king!"

The two lieutenants thus addressed gazed upon

the monarch, but they made him no reply, save by their silence. Becar gazed around upon the vast multitude, and was just upon the point of speaking again, when the slaves bore Assad and Morgiana into his presence. His eye rested upon them a moment, and then, with a deep groan, he sank back upon his throne. But he still clutched the golden sceptre, grasping it with a mighty embrace, as though he were fearful of losing it!

## CHAPTER XXIV.

THE MYSTERY SOLVED. CONCLUSION.

A DEATH-LIKE stillness pervaded the great audience chamber of the northern king. The throne upon which sat Assad and Morgiana had been set down upon the leewan in front of the royal seat, and the people were waiting to see what should follow. Marouf stood by his young master's side, as though he would shield him from any sudden danger that might unexpectedly come. At length Ben Hamed advanced and spoke, and every ear was bent to listen:

"Becar," he said, addressing the old king, "dost thou remember who ruled in Diarbekir and in Aden, and who governed in equity all this northern nation, ere thy polluted foot touched the throne?"

But the old monarch could not answer. He gazed upon those who sat upon the seat of ivory and gold before him, and his limbs shook with fear. He grasped his sceptre, and gazed around with a frightened glance to see if in all that crowd he had not one friend. But not one moved to help him. So Ben Hamed resumed:

"Know, thou false king, that all thy power has come to nought. Thou steppedst upon this throne over the dead bodies of noble men, with the best blood of the kingdom upon thy hands. But those four whom most thou wishedst to slay escaped thee. From that time to this thy heart hath been hard, and thy people have been oppressed. Good men have cried out for mercy in vain, and wicked men have triumphed on account of their gold which they gave to thee. But thy course of wickedness is ended, and the line of Shenir and of Alcolomb shall once more sway the sceptre of our kingdom. Thou knowest thine efforts to do still more murder in order that thy throne might be secured to thee, and thy people shall know them, too. God, who is all-wise, and to whom be ascribed power, and perfection, and justice, hath favored not thy rule over this people, for from among all thy wives he hath not given thee a child, and hath not given thee a true friend; but he hath reared up the children of those whom thou didst wrong, that they might come to thee and claim justice at thy hands. Even as we entered thy city, and made ourselves known, every man turned from thee in disgust, and the very women and children heaped curses upon thy head. Now, O foul dog—"

Ben Hamed stopped here, for the king had fainted from the power of his deep emotions. A dozen slaves were sent to his assistance, but they could not revive him to understanding. He opened his eyes, but they were wild, and void of reason.

"Take him hence," commanded Ben Hamed. "Let him be conveyed to his own apartment, and there let faithful slaves attend him. His understanding is fled, and he will gain no good here."

As the old man spoke, he turned to some of his own attendants, and motioned for them to accompany the slaves. When those who bore the insensible monarch had gone, Ben Hamed mounted to the now empty throne, and turned towards the people.

"Men of Diarbekir and of Aden," he commenced, "many of you who are now here before me perhaps know not all the story of the wicked man who has just been taken away, for some of you are young, and some of you may have been falsely informed. Then listen while I recount to you the strange things that have transpired."

As he thus spoke, all ears were bent towards him, and all faces were eager with expectation. He waited a few moments, and then went on:

"In former times, when I was young and strong, Diarbekir and Aden were two kingdoms. Shenir was king of Diarbekir, and he was a noble, pious man and abhorred evil. Among all the men of his kingdom he was the fairest and most comely, and those who once saw him could never forget him. At the same time Zedad was king of Aden, but he was a weak-minded man, and his affairs were administered by his wife Alcolomb. Now Alcolomb was more wise and learned than her husband, who was weak and ignorant, and people knew that their great prosperity was the result of her wise administration, and they respected and loved her. And in all the northern kingdom there was not another female so beautiful as Alcolomb. At length her husband died, and she was queen of Aden, and shortly afterwards she gave birth to a female child which rivalled the full moon in beauty, for it took all the features of its mother.

"Now, near at the same time of the birth of the queen's daughter, the wife of Shenir gave birth to a son, and this son was the exact counterpart of his noble father. When the Queen Alcolomb heard of this event she took her daughter and came hither to visit the king, and the two infants were laid both in one cradle, and people came from far-off places to view their marvellous beauty. And Alcolomb, when the infants were placed thus together, said to the king these words: 'O, my brother, the king my husband is taken from me, and his kingdom is left on my hands, and when I shall be called upon to follow him, with whom can I leave my heritage of power save with this child? And when thou art gone, with whom can your's be left save with this other child? Therefore let us plan that both our kingdoms shall be made into one when we are dead, and make our children to rule over them both. They are both of an age—both beautiful, and both of royal heritage. Let us marry them now, and then no sudden stroke henceforth can separate them, nor can they be coveted for their beauty, seeing that they be already married!'

"This pleased the good king so much that h fairly wept with joy, and the viziers of the two kingdoms were consulted. Abdalla was the queen's grand vizier, and I was the king's. We liked the plan much, for we saw in it the means of forever preventing further strife between the two kingdoms. Accordingly the servants of God were sent for and all the great men of both kingdoms, and the children were married, and from that moment the infants became husband and wife; and the king ordered that all within his city should abstain from labor for the space of six days, and that during that time there should be neither buying nor selling, but that all the people should give themselves up to pleasures and rejoicing.

"Now there chanced to be in the city an emir named Becar, and he was governor of the district of Doojikdagh, and had many towns under him, and he was one of those whom the king had sent for. He was an evil man, and ambitious, and he said to the ignorant people—'How, will ye have two infants for rulers over you? If this king and queen die who shall be rulers over you? Verily ye will have none whatever, but the strong will rule the weak, and the rich will trample upon the poor.' Thus he craftily spake to them, and many listened to him. He took advantage of the time of festivity and intoxication, and drew many to him. He had brought with him from his mountain district many armed men, and these he had all ready for his work. Next he commenced with bribery and corruption, promising to this one power, and to that one riches, until he had nearly all the leaders with him; and he knew that if the leaders were all with him the people would be easily managed. He came neither to Abdalla nor myself, so we knew not of his villany at the time.

"At length, on the night of the sixth day, he commenced his work. He attacked the palace, and when he made his demand for the throne and life sceptre, we called for our officers, and lo! they were all with him. We saw that inevitable ruin stared us in the face, and we could do nought but seek flight. I hastened to the place where the infants slept, and there I found the king and the queen, and Abdalla, crying out and rending their garments in grief, for the infants were missing. But I saw that there was no time for words, so I quickly said—'Doubtless the nurse hath run with them. Let us escape, and we shall overtake her.' By a secret way we made our escape from the palace, and from the city, and the treacherous emir gained the throne and seized the sceptre, and caused himself to be proclaimed king of Diarbekir and Aden.

"In the meantime we four—the king and queen, and Abdalla and myself, secreted ourselves in a cave of the mountain, and there we remained without food for two whole days. But at the end of that time I ventured out after some fruit, and I saw a slave who had just come from the city. He was one of Shenir's own eunuchs, and I knew we might trust him. He brought us food, and told us of affairs within the walls. He said Becar had become king, that two hundred men had been slain in the conflict, that the people had all sworn submission through fear, and that two bodies had been found, all maimed and disfigured, which had been taken for Abdalla and myself. But he knew nothing of the infants. We remained hid in that cave a whole week, during which time the eunuch made search for the infants, but we found them not, and we made sure they had been slain at first, so that they might be out of the way. We asked the slave what Becar thought had become of the King Shenir and the Queen Alcolomb, and he told us that one of the lieutenants had sworn to him that he had seen the king and queen cast themselves into the mad, hissing waters of the river, and Becar believed him. Then we knew that this lieutenant was a friend to us. But we dared not wait around the fatal spot longer, and at night we set off, and we ceased not, save for rest, until we reached the town of Laban, where I had friends, and where I knew we should be safe.

"In one short year from that time both Shenir and Alcolomb were dead. They died of grief. Then I left Abdalla at Laban, for he was weary of the world, and I started forth to travel, having assumed a safe disguise. I went to Egypt, to Persia, and to India, and I was gone fifteen years. One day after I had returned I chanced to be in the market-place at Bagdad, and I saw an old woman whom I knew. I studied her face awhile, and then I remembered her for the nurse of the royal infants. I called her to my own house, which I had hired, and when I revealed myself to her she acknowledged that I was right in my supposition. And her story was this:

"'On that fatal night, as she sat by the side of the infants, she heard the first note of alarm, and at the door of the apartment some one demanded admittance, and she heard the word spoken for instant death to the children. That door was fastened, and she knew that to reach the other door the applicants would have to travel some distance, so she caught up the infants and fled by a secret passage, and made her way safely from the city. Fear of being slain for thwarting the wish of the usurper if she was now taken, led her to flee on, and thus she went, hoping to reach the town of Araboli; but she lost her way, and was finally taken by a party of Persians who were on their way to Bagdad, and in that city both she and the children were sold—she being sold to a cadi, the boy to the Syndic of the money-changers, and the girl to the Syndic of the merchants. She had never told her true story, for she feared that danger might still come to the children, as she knew that the wicked usurper was somewhat feared by the caliph—or, at any rate, that Haroun would not wish to incense him.'

"Shortly after this the old nurse died, for she was full of years, and her life had been long. I saw the children, and I knew them at once. It had been compacted when they were wedded that they should ascend the throne when they were twenty years of age, and I resolved to wait till near that time ere I attempted to restore them to their rights. I hastened away to Laban to tell Abdalla what I had found, and he could hardly contain himself for joy. We had there two miniatures, one of Shenir, and one of Alcolomb, and they were painted upon ivory and set in cases of gold and precious stones. They were given to us by the poor king and queen before they died, and were painted by a cunning Greek, who also painted two larger ones which were left in the palace. I made arrangements with Abdalla to be ready for the youth and maiden at any moment when I might send them, and then I left.

"When I reached Bagdad, and had opportunity to see the young people again, I was astonished at the resemblance they bore to the pictures of their parents, for had the most crafty painter spent a lifetime in trying to produce the maiden's features, or those of the youth, upon ivory, he could not have succeeded better than the pictures I already held. I determined after this to remain near the prince and princess, and as I frequently saw people from Diarbekir and Aden trading there, I chose to assume a disguise, so I became a mender of lamps. Time passed on, and I learned with joy that the two whom I watched were as wise, and virtuous, and good, as they were beautiful.

"At length the time for work drew nigh, and I wrote to Abdalla, informing him that I should send the prince and princess on shortly, and in the letter I sent twelve copies of the pictures of the youth and damsel, so that he might give them to those who would be on the watch for them that they might not be deceived by others. Now this letter fell into the hands of some of Becar's officers, who robbed my messenger (I tell you now some things which I have learned very lately), and it was carried to him. He at once sent forth his emir Bahader, and gave him the pictures which he had found in the letter, and thus he said to him:

"'Assume a disguise, O emir, and hasten at once to Bagdad, and obtain possession of those two children if they are there. But for fear that they may be already on their way north, take ye these pictures, which are exact likenesses of them, and leave them with such of our subjects as are faithful, and who can guard every avenue through which they may pass.' So Bahader took the pictures and set off. In the meantime, I gave the picture of the princess to the prince, and the picture of the prince I gave to the princess, for they knew not each other yet. Immediately afterwards fate brought them together, and they loved. Yet little did they dream that they were already husband and wife—that almost twenty years before they had been justly and solemnly married before God and man.

"As soon as could be after this I sent them off, but I let them know nothing of their true state, for I had sworn solemnly not to breathe it save within this palace. I dared not go with them, for I wished to remain in Bagdad to watch that none pursued them properly. I was thus enabled to put several parties upon the wrong track, and they would then have reached Laban in safety had they not lost their way one dark night. Thus they fell into the midst of enemies, and by means of the pictures were they recognized. But the wit of the princess saved them then, but only on their return to fall into another trap, from which they were taken back to Bagdad. Of the death sentence of the prince, there pronounced by the caliph, I cannot speak much, for the memory of the pain I then endured is maddening. I dared not tell Haroun who the prisoner was, for I knew that he would have been given up to Becar. However, God placed his hand to the work, and it prospered speedily. Of the capture of the princess by the emir, you are already aware, and also have you heard of the wonderful means by which her escape was effected.

"And now what more can I say? Only that God is most merciful, for he has delivered us out of the hands of a tyrant, and hath restored to us the rightful heirs of the throne. When I had made sure that the prince was safe I began to spread the news of his existence among the people, both by messengers and letter, and I was not deceived in my hopes, for every man swore allegiance to him the moment he knew he lived.

"Now, men of Diabekir and of Aden—ye of the mountain and of the plain, and of the far-off countries of the further Euphrates—behold your king and queen, whom the God of all nations and thrones has most mercifully preserved and restored unto us!"

Ben Hamed ceased speaking, and for a moment a dead silence ensued. Then there came up a low murmur, like the rustling of autumn leaves—and it grew more distinct, like the rushing wind when the hurricane cometh—and anon it swelled and grew, until one glad shout, like mighty thunder, awoke the air, and shook the vast palace to its very corner-stone of foundation.

And Assad and Morgiana, when they knew that they were monarchs over this vast domain, were whelmed with fear and trembling at the responsibility which had thus fallen upon them. But another thought was with them, too. They were already wedded—already were they one in the bonds of love and of life. Assad looked upon Morgiana, and he murmured—"My beloved, we are united in law as in love." And the young queen responded—"When we knew it not I was thine, and thou wert mine."

* * * * * *

Assad and Morgiana sat upon the throne which Becar had left, and the people listened to hear the voice of their king.

"My people," he said, "spare me much speech now, for these wondrous events have hushed my soul to an awful stillness of deep thought. Yet I ask you to love me. And O, may our God so guide me that I and my queen shall earn your every pulsation of love, deep and abiding. While you love me I know you will obey, and when I cease to merit your love, I shall have ceased to merit your obedience. Help me to deal justly here, and may God be with and help us all."

We have little more to add. Of course Ben Hamed and Abdalla were kept near the throne; and they were restored to the posts they had occupied ere the usurper came. Bahader soon died of his wounds, and Becar did not long survive him. Assad was too noble to take revenge upon the wicked old man, but age had come upon him, and his hard heart broke. Gulnare married Abdalla's only son, and was always with the queen when duty allowed. Marouf was among the most important men of the kingdom, being no less than the king's constant companion and executioner of state affairs.

Assad became the chief prop of the caliph's power in the north, but thereby he lost not one jot of his own, for he was firmly fixed in the love of his people, and whoso man loveth he obeyeth promptly.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## THE BASKET OF CHIPS.

BY EVA MILFORD.

It was a cold, a *bitter* cold day, in one of the hardest winters known in Boston within the last ten years. The sleighs as they glided swiftly on, made that peculiar, grinding, crunching noise, which we only hear when the mercury is very near zero; the horses were almost hidden in clouds of frozen breath, while even the youngest of the men who had followed the prevailing beard and mustache fashion, presented the picture of hoary-visaged winter. Warm-clad and well-fed pedestrians hurried along with their hands in their pockets, and their ears too often so well muffled as not to hear the timid petition of those who had neither fire, nor clothes, nor food; and who preferred lingering even in the mocking, delusive, winter sunshine, to encountering the chill certainty of their unlighted and unwarmed garrets or cellars.

In an apartment of one of those houses at the west part of the city, where genteel poverty lingers for the visionary satisfaction of still inhabiting the neighborhood, and breathing the same atmosphere with those who have been the associates of other days, sat a woman, who should have been in the prime of life, but upon whose form and features poverty and care had laid their withering hands, leaving an impress not to be mistaken by those skilled in reading these sad hieroglyphics.

The furniture of the apartment indicated that it served the purposes both of parlor and kitchen; yet there was a degree of taste and artistic arrangement visible in the homely furniture, which together with one or two articles, whose elegance was somewhat incongruous with the sturdy utilitarianism of their companions, seemed to indicate that the occupant had enjoyed at some period of her life that ease from toil which leads to the expansion of the more graceful and delicate traits of our characters.

She sat by a little table drawn close to the expiring fire; in one hand she held a worn purse, still showing the faded vestiges of rich embroidery, while in the palm of the other hand lay two small coins which the widow (for such her garb declared her to be) regarded with an anxious and uncertain expression.

As she sat thus, the door opened, admitting a young girl of some twelve or fourteen years, carrying in her hand some school books and a slate. She was dressed neatly and with taste, but it was sufficiently evident that none of her garments were sufficient for the weather, and the mother sighed as she marked the cold and pinched look of the young face.

"Well, Lizzie, dear, is school done? How cold you look, poor child."

"Yes, mother, it is very cold, and my shawl is so thin—but look, the fire is just going out, shall I bring up some wood?"

"No, dear, there is none left; I should have saved part of their little stock to warm you this evening, but the doctor called to ask about my cough, and I could not let him sit and shiver without a fire, you know."

"No, indeed, mama; I will beg some boiling water of Mrs. Smith for your tea, and when we have eaten our supper, we can go to bed and get warm that way."

"But, Lizzie, I have no tea, and there is not even a crust of bread in the house. When you came in, I was looking at these two ten cent pieces, which is all the money we have left in the world, my poor child, and considering whether I should buy a little fuel or a little food with it; which do you feel the need of most, dear?"

"O, mother, are we really so *very* poor as that? And what will we do when that is gone?"

"To-morrow, I must go and sell some of our superfluities," said the mother, smiling sadly. "Here is the watch which was your dear father's last present to me. I had hoped to keep it through all, but your health, my child, must not be sacrificed to my feelings. To-morrow I will sell the watch, and before the money I may receive for that is gone, I trust I may find some employment. Heaven knows I would not shrink from any work however laborious, if it was within my capacity, and such that my husband's wife might do it with propriety. But for to-night, Lizzie, here is the whole of our fortune—how shall I invest it?"

"Well, if we *had* anything to eat, we could not enjoy it in this freezing room, so if you think best, mama, I should say, let us have the fuel."

"I was thinking so myself, dear, and I will go over to Mr. Brownlow's shop and buy a load of his chips and pieces, sometimes there are pieces of quite solid wood among them."

"Shall I come, too, mama?"

"No, dear; I do not like to have you go into such places, while I am able to shield you from them."

"But how will you get them home, mother?"

"I can hire some boy with a sled to bring the basket home, for a cent; but then," added the widow, pausing, as she tied on her faded bonnet, "Mr. Brownlow will not sell less than a quarter of a dollar's worth of chips—I forgot that."

"O, well, mother, I have the fourpence you know, which Mrs. Smith gave me for hemming her handkerchiefs; I was going to buy a present for you with it, but could not make up my mind what to get."

Mrs. Loring smiled faintly as the child's dilemma, but taking the little coin, she said:

"Well, Lizzie, I will take it as a loan, and until I can earn some money to replace it, you can be considering the best way to invest it."

Lizzie assented quite gravely, for to her the expenditure of a fourpence was a weighty and important matter; while her mother with an affectionate kiss, took a large basket from the closet, and left the room.

More than one person paused, in spite of the keen and wintry air, to look again at the stately and dignified woman to whom no one could have refused the much abused title of *lady*; and as they marked the discrepancy between her air and figure and the bushel basket which she carried, almost every one made the mental comment—"Seen better days."

Mr. Brownlow was quite civil to his customer, and with a sort of surly politeness threw in some large pieces of oak to the basket, saying:

"Guess them'll make you a good stiddy fire, ma'am."

"Thank you, Mr. Brownlow, you are very kind," said the widow, as she took up the basket and carried it to the door, where she stood looking up and down the street. Presently two ragged urchins approached, dragging an old sled.

"Stop a minute, boys," said Mrs. Loring, stepping forward. "If one of you will carry this basket of chips to my house, a little way down the street, I will give you a cent."

The boys hesitated, whispered together for a minute, and then the largest, placing the basket upon his sled, began to buckle a strap around it, saying, at the same time:

"Well, ma'am, hand over the copper, and I'll do the job for ye."

The widow with a sigh placed her last remaining cent in the boy's hand, saying:

"Now come this way, and I will show you the place."

"Soon as I've fixed this buckle," said the boy, without looking up, while his companion stood looking on with an expression of much amusement.

Mrs. Loring stood waiting for a minute, but as her feet were growing very numb, she began to walk slowly towards home; but after going a few steps, she was surprised at not hearing the sled behind her, and turning suddenly, she saw the two boys turning down a side street—hastening after them, the poor woman called out:

"Boys, boys! That is not the way—where are you going?"

The oldest of the little thieves turned with the summons, and raising his hand to his nose made an insulting gesture, at the same time, saying:

"Guess 'taint the wrong way, old lady. Gorry, wont my ma'am be glad of sich a nice lot of kin'lin' stuff?"

Pursuit was useless, and putting down her veil, Mrs. Loring gave way to some irrepressible tears.

"Poor Lizzie—no fire and no supper," she murmured, as coming within sight of the house, she saw her daughter posted at the window, watching for her mother's return.

"Well, dear mama," exclaimed the young child, as she opened the door and threw her arms about her mother. "Where is your little boy and his sled—what, crying! O, what is the matter, mother!"

Restraining her tears, Mrs. Loring related the new misfortune to her child, and after a few exclamations of indignation and sorrow from Lizzie, the mother and daughter sat shivering in gloomy silence.

Suddenly the stillness was broken by a ring at the front door. The woman of the house opened it, and steps were heard in the little entry followed by a knock at the door of the room where sat the mother and daughter.

The widow hastened to open the door, saying at the same time to her daughter:

"Make haste, Lizzie, dear, and light the lamp, for that will be the only comfort which we can offer our guest, whoever it may be."

Lizzie obeyed quickly, and as the light fell upon the face of the visitor, Mrs. Loring exclaimed:

"Mr. Stephens! I am glad to see you, sir; although I fear you will find the room hardly comfortable."

"Perfectly so for me, thank you," said the benevolent, genial-looking, old man, who now stood leaning on the little table, and glancing keenly round the room. "But I should think you and Miss Lizzie would find it rather cool!"

"We have had very cold weather lately," said Mrs. Loring, offering a chair, and anxious not to make a parade of their poverty before their generous friend.

"Yes, very," answered Mr. Stephens, abstractedly; he paused for a moment, and then resumed in a somewhat hurried and embarrassed manner: "I don't think we paid to your husband, Mrs. Loring, quite as much as we agreed to, for that last book of his. I—in fact, there is a little balance of twenty five dollars in my hands, and I thought I would just stop in and leave it—hush, my dear friend," resumed he, as the widow with tears in her eyes was about to speak. "I have two things more to say; one is, that if you would like employment, we need some one very much to translate the new French books which are coming out, and it is likely to be a permanent business, as there is always something being published in Paris which our inquisitive Yankees must know all about; now stop," exclaimed he again, playfully raising his hand, "you haven't heard my last proposition; my wife is expecting you both to come and take tea with her, and I don't dare show myself at home without you."

Mrs. Loring and Lizzie did not decline the invitation, and from that night, comfort and plenty were guests within the lowly abode, until the day when Lizzie left it to become the wife of Mr. Stephens's son, and successor in business; and Lizzie's mother resumed in the family of her daughter the position which in earlier years she had so well adorned.

### QUITE STRONG.

Our fellow-citizen, Simeon Draper, was dining the other day at Congress Hall, in Albany, where the butter happened to be particularly rank. "Here, John," said Draper to a favorite waiter who was standing behind him—"John, take this plate away; some people like their butter stronger than others." John took the plate, held it up to his nose a moment, with the air of a connoisseur, then put it back again in its place, and observed in a firm voice: "Mister Draper, that is the strongest butter we have in the house."—*New York Evening Post.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## THOU CANST NOT FORGET.

BY MYRA LIZZIE DONELSON.

Thou canst not forget me, my memory still
Will linger around thee, an unbid-ten spell;
And a voice of upbraiding will rise in thy heart—
A dream of the past that will never depart!

Thou may'st drink in the beauty of dark flashing eyes,
But ever before thee my vision shall rise;
Thou may'st seek to be gay, but thy curse shall be yet—
The memory of her whom thou canst not forget!

When you join in the dance with forms fairer than mine,
And bright glances melt in the glory of thine, [yet,
When the world deems thee joyous, a gloom haunts thee
Thy curse is the vision thou canst not forget.

When the laurels of fame wreathe thy glorious brow,
When thou hast the proud name that thou coveiest now,
O still mid thy triumph my vision shall come,
And a living regret in thy heart find a home!

And when before Heaven thou bowest in prayer,
Will bitter remembrance intrude even there;
When thy lips crave a blessing, thy heart is not free,
'Tis sad with the memory of the past and of me!

Thou canst not forget me, where'er thou may'st go,
To the old time returning, thy thoughts shall still flow;
Thou wilt think of the days when together we met—
The curse is yet o'er thee, thou canst not forget!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## NOT BORN TO BE HANGED.

BY CHARLES CASTLETON.

NEVER was the saying with which we have opened this curious story more truly and strangely verified than in the case of Gustave Bonne, a Frenchman, born and reared in the small town of St. Jean, in the department of Mayenne. His father was a butcher, and quite well off, though it was said by the wise ones that the smell of blood harmed the boy. But be that as it may, Gustave always manifested a most kind disposition, though very reckless and daring. It is reported—though of the truth of the report I cannot vouch—that the commune priest made the remark, when he first saw the boy, that he was "not born to be hanged," a remark which probably gave the young mother (for Gustave was her first-born) a great deal of satisfaction. How the priest came to his sage conclusion, was never told—only the remark was preserved until Gustave became old enough to go to school, and then he often laughed at the protecting fate which had been promised him. And it was not long before he had reason to believe that the old priest's prophecy was literal, for the proof was of the most startling, and at the same time, substantial kind.

Close by Bonne's shop lived a man named Garouche. He had been once in the galleys, and once in prison, and it was whispered around now that his deeds were not of a very moral character. One morning, before many people were stirring, Gustave—then only twelve years old—was out to see the sun rise, his father having promised to give him six sous for every six consecutive times he saw the sun rise. On this particular morning, the boy went around back of his father's shop, so as to reach a gentle eminence there was there, and as he turned the corner, he saw M. Garouche crawling out from under the stall with a large piece of beef in his hand.

"Aha, M. Meatstealer!" cried Gustave. "I've found you, have I? Now we can see where my father's surplus and drainage goes to. What a fine time you'll have in the galleys again, eh!"

Now Garouche was not wholly ignorant of French justice, and he knew that another conviction for a crime of this character would condemn him to the galleys for life.

"You wont speak of this?" he said, speaking mildly, and at the same time approaching the boy.

"Most certainly I shall," replied Gustave, promptly.

And the thief knew it. He knew that the boy would tell, let him promise now as he might.

"But, my little man," he resumed, speaking very imploringly, and at the same time slowly advancing, "I have hard work to live—and you know what becomes of those who have nothing to eat. They must all waste away and—"

He reached the boy, and with his stout arms he seized him and bore him away, stopping his mouth with his broad palm, and threatening to kill him if he made the least noise. Right into the butcher's shop he took him—or rather, into the stall where the animals were killed and quartered, and which was never locked up. Here were two ropes, one of which passed over a single wheel suspended from the ridge-pole, while the other was for heavier burdens, being rigged with a double block. Without a word, the thief took the boy's head under his arm, and then proceeded to make a slip-noose in the end of the smaller rope. This he put around Gustave's neck, and having drawn it tight, he quickly hoisted him up about three feet from the ground, and then made the rope fast. Next he rolled an empty hogshead close up to the spot, and then made his escape as fast as possible. He felt sure now that his secret was safe. Gustave must die very soon, and the butcher would think he hung himself; or, at any rate, that he attempted to try the poetry of the thing, when the upsetting of the hogshead made it a reality.

At first, the poor little fellow was too much frightened to attempt to make any noise, and when he did try to cry out, he could not. He was choking horribly; but he remembered to kick, and he kicked lustily, and ere he had made a dozen of the spasmodic exertions, the rope broke and he came down upon his feet, though his next movement was to tumble over upon his back. He was very weak and exhausted, and it was some time ere he could command his reason; but it came to him, at length, and then he sat up. In a few moments more, he comprehended all that had happened, and by much exertion, he managed to stand upon his feet. Fifteen minutes had elapsed from the time when the thief left—and fifteen minutes, under some circumstances, is a great while. Instance: It would have been an eternity had not that rope broken. At any rate, during those fifteen minutes Gustave had not only been hanged, broken down, and recovered, but his father had arisen, dressed himself, and come out to the stall.

At first, good Gallien Bonne could hardly credit his son's story, but when he saw the broken rope, and the livid ring about the boy's neck, he could doubt no longer.

"But, *pardieu!*" he cried; "how could this rope break? Only the day before yesterday, I raised over two hundred kilogrammes with this same rope—it was the half of an ox."

But an examination revealed a very curious fact. Bonne happened to see, close by the sill of the structure, a small pile of picked hemp. Upon a more minute inspection, he found a rathole where the hemp lay; and this solved the mystery. The rope had been coiled up against his hole, and the rats had been forced to gnaw their way out! An examination of the broken ends of the rope confirmed the thing.

That day, Pluton Garouche was apprehended, and when he saw Gustave, he trembled. He confessed, after he had been condemned, that he hid himself not far from the stall on that eventful morning, and waited there nearly a quarter of an hour, so as to be sure that no one went to cut his victim down before he would have time to die. The villain was hanged, and the boy lived to verify the prophecy of the priest.

At the age of nineteen, Gustave made a fool of himself by falling in love with the youngest daughter of Count G—— M——, whose chateau was only seven miles distant, at St. Suzanne. Cecile M—— favored his love for a while, for her own amusement, and then coldly turned him away. In a fit of shame and mortification which cankered his whole soul, he tried to hang himself. To a beam in the count's own stable, he tied a rope, and then having made the other end fast about his neck, he kicked the box away and was left hanging in good shape. He naturally kicked some, as the strangulating process commenced, and his quaint motions not only attracted the attention of a spirited horse which stood close by, but also frightened him; whereupon the beast made such stout efforts to break away, that he broke the stancheon to which his halter was tied, and then made for the stable-door, which Gustave had left ajar. The breaking of the stancheon removed the prop which supported a small scaffold of littering straw, and the fall of this scaffold caused the fall of the cross-beam by which the love-lorn youth had hanged himself; so he came tumbling down upon the floor, with the beam atop of him. The shock revived him, and he had sense enough to try and remove something which caused pain about his neck. He had got upon his feet, and removed the rope, before the hostler came in with the runaway steed. He owned up to frightening the horse, but he didn't tell how, though a month later he told his mother all about it. Of course the mother told it to the priest, and the latter personage shook his head very wisely, and said:

"I told you so. I saw it when he was first born." And of course priestly influence was at par with Madame Bonne.

From that time forth, Gustave gave up all thoughts of hanging himself, for he did firmly believe that he was "not born to be hanged." The belief had become an absolute superstition in his mind, as we shall see. And besides that, he had only one other deep feeling—and that was, love for the beautiful Cecile M——.

On the fourteenth of June, 1837, there was a murder committed on the road from St. Jean to St. Suzanne. The murdered man was Captain Baptiste de Grillon, and he was a suitor for the hand of Cecile M——. But the girl herself favored not his suit—it was her father's choice. De Grillon was forty years old, a brave and wealthy man, though somewhat proud and overbearing. He had been to visit the old count, and was on his return to his station at Chateaugontier, a distance of some twenty-five miles, when he was murdered. It was in the evening when the deed was done, with the moon shining brightly in the heavens, and the place where the blood was shed was just outside of the village of St. Jean.

Gustave Bonne was at that time one-and-twenty, and was regarded by the common people as their "chiefest man," for he was well read and fluent of tongue, and, moreover, possessed a handsome income from his father's property. Gallien Bonne had been dead two years, and at the time of his death, he left his wife and only child with a good round hundred thousand francs between them, besides the house, land and stalls.

On the very night of the murder, Gustave had been to St. Suzanne. He had been to obtain one more look at the sweet face of Cecile, ere he left the country; for he was determined to remain there no longer. The love for the lost one burned still warm within him, and he meant to remove from the land that bore the object of his doomed affections. Close by the village of St. Jean runs a small stream, a tributary to the Garthe, and the road to St. Suzanne crosses a smaller stream which empties into the former. Over this there is a bridge, and upon each side, or end, of the bridge, is a willow copse. Gustave was approaching this spot, when he first heard a loud cry, and then the report of a pistol. There was a momentary struggle between two men, whom he could now see, and just as he reached the spot, one of them fell.

"What! Raoul! Is this you?"

It was a young man to whom Gustave thus spoke—the son of a poor, widowed mother, who had been sick much, and whom our hero had often helped in times of need. His name was Raoul Pupien. He started back in terror when the new-comer spoke, but his countenance brightened when he saw who it was.

"Gustave," he uttered, "you will not hang me? O, I couldn't help it."

"But who is it you have shot?"

"Le capitan."

"*De Grillon?*"

"Yes."

Gustave's hands were involuntarily clasped, and in a moment more he stooped down and rolled the man over. The moon shone full into the ghastly face, and there were the features of Baptiste de Grillon. It was a strange emotion which first came to the soul of Gustave, but he quickly dispelled it. What had he to do with Cecile's lover?

"Raoul," he said, rising and turning to the murderer, "how did this happen?"

"You will not expose me?"

"Most assuredly not."

"Then I did come out here with evil intent. I meant to rob some one. My mother is starving. This was the first man who came along. I—I—would not have robbed him, for when the trial came I was not equal to it. I begged of him a few sous. He struck me with his cane. Then I would have escaped, but he caught me and said he would carry me to St. Jean. One thought of my mother left all alone came to me, and upon the impulse of that moment I drew my pistol and fired. You see the result."

"Well—let us pull this body out from the road, and then we'll speak about it further."

They dragged the corse up to the bank, and just as they had performed the task, they heard footsteps approaching. Raoul Pupien started up in terror, and with a simple exclamation to his companion to save himself, he leaped over the hedge and disappeared. But Gustave thought not of fleeing. The idea of guilt was not present, and he stood calmly awaiting the coming of those who approached. They proved to be two gens d'armes, both of whom the youth knew.

"We heard the report of a pistol," said one of them.

"So did I," returned Gustave.

At this moment one of the men discovered the body of le capitan, and on going to where it lay, he recognized the features. Then they found blood upon Gustave's hands.

"Who did this?" they asked.

"That is more than I can tell," was the youth's answer.

The gens d'armes asked a few more questions, and then said it became their disagreeable duty to arrest the youth whom they had thus found present with the fact of a great crime. So that night Gustave Bonne lodged in a prison. At first, he had no fears for himself, but in time those fears came up, and his first thoughts were of confessing, or revealing, all he knew. But calm reflection changed his mind somewhat. Life was of little use to him. He had lost all that could make the future bright, and his desire to live longer had almost passed from him. He thought of Raoul Pupien, and he saw the poor widow left without support in life. He had helped the poor woman often with money, and he had often thought, too, of throwing his life away. Now he would give his life to the widow. He was some time in making up his mind to this end, but when it was once made up, it was fixed.

Gustave's mother came in to see him, and her tears were the only things that moved him, but they could not shake his purpose. Life to him was not worth the saving, at the expense of another. Of course, the death of Captain Baptiste de Grillon caused much excitement, but not so much as did the imprisonment and apparent guilt of Gustave Bonne. The latter was beloved by all who knew him, and few could believe him guilty of crime. The secret of his love for the beautiful Cecile was known, and it was also known that le capitan was the accepted suitor. It was the general impression that the rivals had come in contact, and that the death of the officer was the result of a quarrel.

The day of trial came, and the youth was conducted to the court. He plead not guilty, but not a bit of explanation would he give. He swore solemnly that he did not murder the man, but beyond this he would not go. Of course, he was pronounced guilty, and was sentenced to be hanged by the neck.

Once after this, his mother was permitted to visit him in his cell. He smilingly told her that he should die happy, if he died at all.

"But," said he, "you know they cannot hang me, for I was not born to be hanged; so let your fears rest. You have enough to live on—enough to make you comfortable through life. If I do die, you will not forget the poor widow Pupien. Help her how you can."

"Alas, how can I think of others when thou art gone, my son! The widow suffers now, but not as I suffer. Her son is only sick, while mine is worse than dead!"

"Is Raoul sick?" asked Gustave.

"Yes—very sick. He does not leave his bed."

"Help him if you can, and the spirit of your son will bless you." * * *

The fatal morning arrived—the ninth of July—and Gustave Bonne was led to the gallows. Thousands of people had assembled to see him die, but they gave forth no shout as the prisoner was led upon the spot. He walked with a firm step, and his face was calm and serene. When he reached the platform, he was asked once more if he would confess his guilt.

"Alas, my son," said the white-haired old priest, "I fear my old prophecy must now prove false. But ere you die, open your heart to me, and through me to your God. Did you kill le capitan?"

"I did not."

"But you know who did."

"So does God; and there let it rest."

The priest asked no more. He uttered a fervent prayer—he had been with the youth all the morning—and after the prayer was done, the executioner came forward. The rope was adjusted, and in a moment more the signal was given. The small cord was cut—the ponderous weights were loosed—and on the next instant the body of Gustave Bonne was suspended between heaven and earth! One great groan ascended from the multitude, for they loved the youth.

Hark! What is that sound? It is a murmuring, as of rushing waters. The crowd sway to and fro, and along in front of the gallows a wild man makes a path through the living mass. Soon a tall, ghostly being stops an instant in front of the suspended man and gazes around. His face is pale and thin—his eyes literally starting from their sockets—his dark hair floating wildly and uncombed over his shoulders—and his clothing all torn and bespattered. It was Raoul Pupien. Only while a clock would have given forth the tick of one single second did he stop, and then he rushed for the spot where the ponderous weight had settled down upon the ground. With one stroke of his knife he cut the stout rope, and on the instant the body of Gustave Bonne came tumbling to the ground.

"Hold! stand back!" he cried, as the officers darted towards him. "Gustave Bonne is an innocent man! It was I who did the deed for which you would make him suffer. I shot le capitan. But I did not mean it. Gustave came up after I had done the deed. He saw me do it, but he would not tell. When I heard the officers coming, I ran. O, Gustave is a noble man! He would have died for me. He would die ere he would have my poor mother left childless and alone."

By this time, Gustave Bonne had recovered his consciousness. He had not been suspended over a minute when Raoul cut him down. He turned his eyes upon the sick and emaciated youth, and in a clear, earnest tone, he said:

"Go home, Raoul, and let me die. Remember, your poor mother cannot spare you as mine can spare me."

"No, no, Gustave," eagerly remonstrated the other. "I cannot live so. O, once I had resolved to let you die, but the moment I so made up my mind, my joy all departed from me, and I was most miserable—so miserable that life was only a burden. I cannot live long, at best; but were you to die then, I should pass away under such torture as would make a martyr howl. I did the deed, and you dare not deny it!"

Gustave bowed his head, and while the crowd pushed up and shouted their loud pæans of joy, the officers took both the young men, and having placed them in a cart, drove from the place. That night, Raoul Pupien died, but he left a written confession of his crime, drawn up by a priest, and signed by Raoul's own hand. Three priests and the sub-prefect signed it also.

The further examination of the case was short, and ere another sun had made its circuit, Gustave was free.

"Ah, *mon bon et digne ami,*" cried the priest, as he shook the youth by the hand, "now what think you? Can you be hung? Never! *Mon enfant,* you were not born to be hanged!"

And so it seemed. But there *was* a fate, in the eyes of some, next to hanging, that awaited him. The story of his heroic self-devotion spread far and wide. One day, he received a note from Cecile M——. She wished to see him. He went, and he saw her.

"Why did you do such a foolish thing, *mon ami?*" Cecile asked, after the subject of hanging had been introduced.

"For two reasons, mademoiselle. I would have saved a life that was valuable to some one, and only given away one that had become a burden to its owner."

"Your life a burden, monsieur?"

"Ay, mademoiselle."

"But I should have been very unhappy, Gustave."

"You?"

"I should."

"Speak plainly, Cecile. You know all my feelings."

"Then, Gustave, my eyes are open. Le capitan was odious. When I found that my father meant I should marry him, I began to know how much I loved you."

"But your father?"

"He says if you have a hundred thousand francs, he shall make no objections."

Ah, Gustave soon had a firmer noose about his neck! But he thought 'twas a very joyful one. At any rate, in all Mayenne he was the happiest of the happy.

Dear reader, have you not noticed in the Crimean returns, the name of Colonel Bonne. He is the very Gustave of whom I have been telling you. He is yet in the very prime of life, a little over forty, a brave soldier, and a noble, generous officer. He may be shot, but as sure as fate, he is one of those "*not born to be hanged.*"

### A PROFITABLE BET.

Mr. A., one of our Green Mountain farmers, had drawn a large birch log to his door, gnarly as the gnarled oak; it had laid exposed to the sun during the summer, he not having the disposition to cut it suitable for burning in his fireplace. Jonathan, one of his neighbors, a real bruiser, called to borrow an axe on a clear cold morning in December. The conversation turned upon their skill in chopping. Jonathan contended that he could cut a log sooner than A. A. thought this a fair opportunity to get his birch out, and offered to bet Jonathan a mug of cider, that he could chop off the birch in less time than *he* could. Jonathan accepted the challenge, took an old axe, none of the sharpest, mounted the log in question, put to his whole strength, and in about thirty minutes succeeded in cutting asunder the monstrous eye-sore. A. then took his turn, mounted the birch, and after striking two or three blows, with much apparent chagrin dismounted, telling Jonathan he had fairly won the bet, but offered, if he would call some warm day, to double the stake. Jonathan saw the joke, and dryly remarked, that he thought the next bet he should make at chopping, he should prefer to try his skill at his own door.—*Yankee Blade.*

### BE NOT TOO SELF-CONFIDENT.

It is unwise to attempt a grand display of one's powers without being certain of the ability to carry the affair through with credit. At the coronation of George the Third, Lord Talbot was obliged to enter the hall, armed and equipped, upon a stately charger. His lordship piqued himself upon being able to back his horse down the hall without turning its tail towards the king. Unfortunately, he had taken such pains to train the animal to that duty, that it insisted on entering the hall backwards, and in spite of all the efforts of its unfortunate rider, advanced in that manner towards his sovereign's throne, amid the laughter and derision of the surrounding crowd!—*Saturday Gazette.*

NOBLE NEWSPAPER WRITERS.—There is a curious fact in the history of newspapers worth remembering, viz., that the Cardinal Richelieu was a frequent correspondent of the *Mercure Francais*, and that the king himself, Louis XIII., often contributed to its columns. D'Israeli, the elder, who gives us this information, adds: "Many articles in the royal hand are still in preservation."

[Prepared for The Flag of our Union.]

## CHINESE MAXIMS.

The sage does good as he breathes—it is his life.

One may be decorous without being chaste; but one cannot be chaste without being decorous.

My books speak to my mind, my friends to my heart: all the rest to my ears.

The wise man does not speak of all he does; but he does nothing that cannot be spoken of.

Attention to small things is the economy of virtue.

Raillery is the lightning of calumny.

Man may bend to virtue, but virtue cannot bend to man.

Repentance is the spring of virtue.

Virtue does not give talents, but it supplies their place. Talents neither give virtue nor supply the place of it.

He who finds pain in virtue, and pleasure in vice, is a novice both in the one and the other.

One may do without mankind, but one has need of a friend.

Ceremony is the smoke of friendship.

If the heart does not go with the head, the best thoughts give only light; this is why science is so little persuasive, and probity so eloquent.

The pleasure of doing good is the only one that never wears out.

To cultivate virtue is the science of men; to renounce science is the virtue of women.

You must listen to your wife, and not believe her.

If one is not deaf or stupid, what a position is that of a father-in-law! If with a wife and a daughter-in-law, one has also sisters and sisters-in-law, daughters and nieces, one ought to be a tiger to hold out.

The happiest mother of daughters is she who has only sons.

The minds of women are of quicksilver, and their hearts of wax.

The most curious women willingly cast down their eyes to be looked at.

The tongues of women increase by all that they take from their feet.

The finest roads do not go far.

When men are together, they listen to one another; but women and girls look at one another.

The most timid girl has courage enough to talk scandal.

The tree overthrown by the wind had more branches than roots.

The dog in the kennel barks at his fleas, but the dog who is hunting does not feel them.

He who lets things be given to him, is not good at taking.

At court, people sing that they may drink; in a village, people drink that they may sing.

Great souls have wills, others only feeble wishes.

The prison is shut night and day, yet it is always full; the temples are always open, and yet you find no one in them.

All errors have only a time; after a hundred millions of objections, subtleties, sophisms, and lies, the smallest truth remains precisely what it was before.

Who is the man most insupportable to us? He whom we have offended, and whom we can reproach with nothing.

Receive your thoughts as guests, and treat your desires as children.

Whoever makes a great fuss about doing good, does very little; he who wishes to be seen and noticed when he is doing good, will not do it long; he who mingles humor and caprice, will do it badly; he who only thinks of avoiding faults and reproaches, will never acquire virtue.

For him who does everything in its proper time, one day is worth three.

The less indulgence one has for one's self, the more one may have for others.

Towers are measured by their shadow, and great men by those who are envious of them.

We must do quickly what there is no hurry for, to be able to do slowly what demands haste.

He who wishes to secure the good of others, has already secured his own.

The court is like the sea; everything depends upon the wind.

What a pleasure it is to give! There would be no rich people if they were capable of feeling this.

The rich find relations in the most remote foreign countries; the poor not even in the bosom of their own families.

The way to glory is through the palace; to fortune, through the market; to virtue, through the desert.

The truths that we least wish to hear are those which it is most to our advantage to know.

One forgives everything to him, who forgives himself nothing.

It is the rich who wants most things.

Who is the greatest liar? He who speaks most of himself.

A fool never admires himself so much as when he has committed some folly.

When a song gives much fame, virtue gives very little.

One never needs one's wits so much as when one has to do with a fool.

All is lost when the people fear death less than poverty.

### TO MAKE EVERY DAY HAPPY.

When you rise in the morning, form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow-creature. It is easily done; a left-off garment to the man who needs it, a kind word to the sorrowful, an encouraging expression to the striving; trifles in themselves light as air will do it at least for twenty-four hours; and if you are young, depend upon it it will tell when you are old; and if you are old, rest assured it will send you gently and happily down the stream of human time to eternity. By the most simple arithmetical sum look at the result: you send one person, only one, happily through the day; that is three hundred and sixty-five in the course of a year; and supposing you live forty years only after you commence that course of medicine, you have made 14,600 human beings happy, at all events for a time. Now, worthy reader, is this not simple? It is too short for a sermon, too homely for ethics, and too easily accomplished for you to say, "I would if I could."—*Rev. Sidney Smith.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### THERE'S A LITTLE LEFT FOR THEE.

BY C. C. DUNN.

There's a little left for thee,
Yes, a little left for thee;
For as long as there is any left,
You shall share the same with me.

There's a little left for thee,
Yes, a little left for thee;
There's yet a half-loaf on the board,
You shall share the same with me.

Come to my little cottage,
And though pomp you will not see,
Yet I have a little comfort there,
Which I will share with thee.

If you are travel-weary,
As I think you look to be,
Come in welcome, and I'll let you
Share a humble bed with me.

Come to my lonely cottage,
A refuge it will be;
Come to my cottage, traveller,
And pass the night with me.

There's a little left for thee,
Yes, a little left for thee;
For as long as there is any left,
You shall share the same with me.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## TWO WAYS
### OF SAVING THE PENNIES.

BY MRS. S. P. DOUGHTY.

"This is something like comfort," exclaimed Mr. Brown, as he took his third cup of coffee from the hand of his young wife. "Something like comfort," he repeated. "How often I have longed for this in my bachelor life."

Mr. Brown had remained a bachelor until far on the wrong side of thirty, when, to the amazement of all his acquaintance, his marriage was announced in the morning papers. The name of the lady was unknown in fashionable circles, but the favored few who could claim her acquaintance, spoke of her as lovely in person, and possessing all those qualities of mind and heart which would be likely to engage and retain the affections of the fastidious Mr. Brown.

"I always thought that they would make an excellent match," exclaimed one of the gossips of the neighborhood, who had perhaps formed her first idea upon the subject some ten minutes previous; "but there was such a difference in age that I feared the parents would object."

"O, as to that," returned the friend addressed, "fifteen or twenty years is not much, when the difference is on the right side. Ellen Leslie will make a sweet little wife. Her mother has given her a good domestic education, and as their family was large, and their means not over ample, she has probably learned to save the pennies, which, you know, is what Mr. Brown likes."

"O yes, I remember his favorite saying, 'Save the pennies;' and yet he is a liberal-minded man; but he likes to save in little things. I shall not wonder if he regulates the housekeeping expenses himself."

But we will leave the friends of Mr. Brown to enjoy their own gossip, while we return to the breakfast-table, where the happy pair were seated in the quiet enjoyment of the first breakfast in their own home. They had returned the evening before from a short bridal tour, and, according to arrangements previously made, had found their own home prepared for their reception. The mother of the bride had seen that nothing was wanting for their comfort, and as the last proof of motherly affection, had sent her own faithful Jane, the most accomplished of all domestics, to welcome her young mistress to her new home, and remain with her for a day or two, until good help could be secured.

"It is indeed delightful," replied Mrs. Brown, in reply to her husband's remark. "And it was so thoughtful in mama to send Jane. I have been accustomed to her from a child, and I really dreaded seeing a new girl. But we must not keep such a treasure long. It would be selfish to deprive mama of her services."

"Certainly, we will look for help at once," replied the husband. "No great difficulty I presume. I can send you a dozen in an hour. And speaking of this, reminds me of other little things which will need attention. Which of us shall attend to all the petty details of house-keeping? Who shall hold the purse-strings?"

The young wife was too well assured of her husband's affection to feel troubled at the question. She had expected peculiarities. She knew that, although really liberal in disposition, he had certain ideas concerning economy, which he would probably doubt her ability to carry out. Possessing a large share of that scarce commodity called common sense, she was well armed with the true weapons for defending her own rights. She would not oppose him—the evil would soon cure itself. Therefore to his question, she replied with perfect good humor:

"Just as you please about that, my dear. You will find it rather annoying to attend to all the trifling wants of the household, but it will save me a world of trouble if you are willing to do so."

"It will be some trouble, certainly," answered Mr. Brown, thoughtfully, "and my time is already fully occupied. But the truth is, Ellen, I have lived longer in the world than you have, and have had more experience in saving the pennies. My income is sufficiently large to ensure us every comfort, but nevertheless, economy is a virtue that should go hand in hand with liberality."

"A very just sentiment, and one to which I can cordially respond," replied Ellen, with warmth.

"I have no doubt that we shall agree upon this point as upon every other, dear Ellen; but my ideas of what constitutes economy are peculiar, you might find it difficult to carry them out. I think the great waste in all households consists, not so much in large expenditures, as in want of care in small ones. Saving the pennies is the great secret of economy."

"Very true," answered his wife. "The pennies make the dollars."

"Exactly," was the reply, "and therefore if you feel willing that it should be so, I will regulate our expenses for the present, until you have gained a little experience in these matters."

"Nothing will suit me better; but perhaps, as we may both be called rather inexperienced in the details of housekeeping, it would be as well for each to have a fair trial. How would you like to take the charge of affairs for one month, keeping an accurate account of the daily expenses, and then give me an equal opportunity of trying my skill? By comparing our accounts we can form a pretty just estimate of our several abilities."

"I have no objection to this arrangement," answered Mr. Brown, thoughtfully. "Indeed I think I should prefer it. I do not wish to take the control in an arbitrary manner, but from a full conviction on your part and my own, that it is best for us both."

"I am well aware of this," was the affectionate reply. "And you will find me ever willing to be guided by your experience."

"I doubt it not, my dear. And now that I may commence my new duties, I must request a memorandum from you of the various little matters which may need attention to-day."

"I am hardly prepared to give you this, at present, but will have it ready when you return to dinner. In the meantime, you can, if you please, engage a good girl."

"Ah, true, I must attend to that. What wages shall we give?"

"That is as you please. I would merely suggest that good help is desirable in every point of view."

"Certainly; but some of these professed cooks ask extravagant prices. We are better off without them. However, I will attend to it. And now I will see how affairs have gone on at my office during my absence, and leave you at liberty to attend to your new duties."

"Adieu then until dinner time," replied Ellen; and husband and wife parted in mutual good humor.

The hours passed swiftly on, and punctual as the clock struck the hour of two Mr. Brown's step was heard in the hall, and equally punctual the smiling wife, and the smoking dinner.

The comfortable feelings of the morning were renewed. A well cooked dinner is decidedly agreeable to a hungry man, and to have it ready to a moment, is perhaps equally pleasing. Mr. Brown gazed around with a remarkable feeling of satisfaction, and wondered that he could so long have endured the discomforts of his bachelor life. But business would not admit of a long delay even in this newly acquired paradise.

He received from Ellen's hand the neatly prepared memorandum, and telling her that he had secured the services of a promising-looking girl, who would call upon her at four o'clock, he again bade her farewell until the close of business hours.

Ellen's expectations in regard to her new assistant were by no means sanguine, but nevertheless, she was somewhat startled at the specimen of help who presented herself at the appointed hour.

If strength was the only requisite, her title to regard was indisputable; but in all else, save an expression of quiet good humor, there was an entire deficiency, and from the utter want of intelligence in her countenance, there seemed little prospect of any improvement. She had been in the country but a short time, but was willing to work for low wages until she had learned the ways of the place.

A few inquiries convinced Ellen that this was actually the person whom her husband had selected, and this point ascertained, she hesitated not to engage her for a month. With an involuntary sigh as she thought of the experienced Jane, she gave the new-comer permission to go for her clothes, and desired her to return that evening. This request was complied with in so prompt a manner, that in less than an hour, the strong chest, which bore evident marks of having "come over the seas," was safely deposited in the attic room appropriated to the servant, and the new queen of the kitchen was duly installed in her domains.

Jane bade her young mistress farewell with a half expressed fear that the "green-horn would never answer;" but Ellen replied with a pleasant smile that she did not expect to be suited at once, she had been too long accustomed to a first rate domestic;" and well pleased with the implied compliment, Jane departed.

"And how do you like our new servant?" asked Mr. Brown, as he surveyed with evident pleasure the neatly spread tea-table, and marked the care with which the slippers and dressing-gown had been placed ready for his use.

"She appears very strong and willing," was the reply.

"Two essential qualities in a domestic, Ellen. She wants experience, but no doubt you can teach her, and she comes for a mere trifle of wages."

Other topics of conversation were introduced, and the evening passed swiftly and pleasantly away.

Numerous were the pennies saved during Mr. Brown's month of trial, and yet the aggregate of expenses amounted to more than he had anticipated. The truth was, he had several excellent general economical principles, but he forgot that to all general rules there will be found exceptions. His first grand error was in the introduction of our friend Kitty into his newly established household. True, she was strong and willing, and would work cheap, three excellent qualifications, but not sufficient to ensure domestic comfort.

No one could be more willing to supply deficiencies than Ellen, and few more capable of doing so; but she was yet a bride, and there was the round of bridal visits, and the numberless claims upon her mind and time, which rendered it impossible to attend thoroughly to her domestic duties. Mr. Brown, though fond of order and regularity in his household, was by no means disposed to find his wife in the kitchen, when he desired her presence in the parlor.

The consequence was, that the meals were badly cooked, and irregularly served, while the fragments of broken glass and china which frequently met the eye, gave fearful indications that Kitty's wages might amount to a sum far exceeding that at first stipulated.

The second egregious blunder consisted in the purchase of a large tub of butter at a price far below the common rate. Nothing could exceed Mr. Brown's satisfaction at this admirable bargain.

"Always buy in large quantities, Ellen," he exclaimed. "It is far the best economy in the end, although the first outlay may seem large. Just examine this butter. It is quite as good as that for which we have been paying such a high price by the single pound."

"Do you not like it?" he added, as Ellen's truthful countenance betrayed a slight degree of dissatisfaction.

"Very much, but it is so late in the season and our family is so small, that I fear we shall lose on this purchase."

Mr. Brown looked thoughtful. This was a new view of the subject. He had not considered that it was now the first of June, and that butter made during the previous summer could hardly be regarded as a safe investment. However, it was too late to repent, and he solaced himself with the vain hope that it would at least do for cooking through the coming season.

Then followed a long list of similar errors; purchases excellent in themselves, but unsuitable for the season and the family, resulting, of course, in disappointment and discomfort.

All these petty trials were endured by Ellen with a quiet composure quite astonishing to her more irritable husband. He did not for an instant suspect that the greater part of their numerous domestic misfortunes were owing to the fact that he kept the purse-strings.

"Boarding-houses are not to be despised, after all," he remarked, on the morning of the day when Ellen's reign was to commence. "I never before realized how much difficulty there is in managing the interior of a household," he continued. "I think we will board next year, Ellen."

"Perhaps so, we will see," was the quiet reply.

Mr. Brown's remarks were called forth by the appearance of a dish of beef steak, which Kitty had just placed upon the table. Ellen had intended to oversee the cooking of this dish herself, but her husband had objected.

"Do let the girl try, Ellen. It must be a simple affair. I dislike to see your face burnt up for nothing."

The consequence was, that the steak appeared in a half-raw, half-burnt condition, rendering it decidedly uneatable.

"I must have my month's trial, before we decide to break up," continued Ellen, smilingly.

"O, of course. Is this the day that you are to begin? Well, I must own that I have little objection to resigning my office."

"I shall have all the benefit of your experience," returned Ellen, "and that is a great advantage to a novice."

"You are quite welcome to all the good you can derive from it," replied her husband. "Here is my book of expenses for the month, and here is my purse. Do not forget that the pennies make the dollars."

"I will adopt it for my motto, and write it on the first page of the book. To your list of expenses for the month, I shall be obliged to add the amount of losses, resulting from Kitty's carelessness and other causes. This will be a fair arrangement, will it not?"

"As you please. I suppose I must be willing to bear my own burdens."

"It will at least be charitable not to add them to those which I may have to bear," was the laughing rejoinder.

Another week passed away. "Kitty is certainly improving," mentally ejaculated Mr. Brown, as the tinkling of the dinner bell resounded promptly to the sound of his footsteps in the hall. "For three days in succession, dinner has been ready to the moment."

As he entered the dining-room, he turned to the girl who was just placing the last dish upon the table, with the intention of bestowing a word of praise for her punctuality. To his surprise the face of a stranger met his gaze; an intellectual countenance, widely differing from that of our friend Kitty.

"Have we a new domestic, Ellen?" he inquired, as the door closed upon the domestic.

"Yes, dear, Kitty's month was up, and I thought it was better not to keep her. This girl is a sister of Jane's, and promises to be excellent help."

"Quite a prize," returned her husband. "What wages do you pay?"

"Two dollars a month more than we gave Kitty."

"Indeed! Is that the way you save the pennies?" asked the husband, with a smile.

"Exactly. I pay good wages at first, but I secure the services of an intelligent, careful person, who saves us far more than the additional sum which we pay to her."

"I believe you are right," returned Mr. Brown, thoughtfully. "The first cost is the last, in this case, certainly."

As the month of Ellen's reign proceeded, Mr. Brown became gradually aware of a great improvement in his domestic comforts. Order and punctuality prevailed through the household. The table, though by no means extravagantly, was always comfortably and even elegantly provided, and with an attentive regard to his preferences, which could not fail to please.

"I would not now exchange my home for any boarding house in the world," he exclaimed, on the last evening of the month of trial.

A glow of gratified feeling passed over Ellen's countenance, as she replied, playfully:

"And will you not pay me the compliment of attributing this alteration in your feelings to my superior talents as a housekeeper?"

"I must do you *that justice*, I believe," returned her husband. "And as long as your expenses do not exceed my income, I will not interfere with your management; although I doubt if your proposed motto has been very strictly followed."

"The pennies make the dollars! Indeed it has. Here is my account for the month. Compare it with your own."

It was with profound astonishment, that Mr. Brown found the result of this examination to prove beyond a doubt that the expenses during the period of Ellen's administration were less by more than one third than during his own.

"I cannot account for it!" he exclaimed, after musing for sometime in silence. "We have certainly lived better than we did last month, and yet it appears that you supply the table at a less expense."

"You must recollect that I have had the benefit of my mother's experience in these matters," replied Ellen, "and my attention has been directed to economical housekeeping from my childhood."

"Why, then, did you not assert your superior claims in the first place, my modest little wife?"

"Because I judged it better that you should learn my good qualities by experience," was the reply.

"And wisely gave me an opportunity of contrasting your knowledge with my ignorance," answered her husband. "You judged wisely, Ellen. I might not otherwise have been convinced. Henceforth you may keep the purse-strings, and adopt your own mottoes."

"No, dear, I will keep your motto, but my own may be added to it. 'There are two ways of saving the pennies.'"

### A HEART-RENDING STORY.

The lofty mountains of the four Cantons in Switzerland, says the Siecle, were lately the scene of a most agonizing misfortune. An English tourist, Sir W. T., against the advice of the inhabitants, ventured alone with his daughter, a young lady about eighteen years of age, into the vast forests which cover the crest of the rocks, in search of rare plants. Notwithstanding their promise, they did not return that day, and the inn-keeper becoming alarmed, about noon the following day, accompanied by a neighbor, he set out in search of them. He was easily able to follow their steps, but during the course of five hours' search, all his shoutings and searchings were in vain. A fearful foreboding took possession of his spirit. He repeatedly fired his gun, but the echo alone responded. Continuing his search, however, he climbed upon the edge of a half-bare rock, several hundred yards high, and a horrible spectacle met his gaze. The tourist lay before him covered with blood, and his clothes torn to tatters. His head rested on his hands, tears were flowing rapidly, and he seemed to be in a profound reverie.

The cries of the inn-keeper recalled him to himself, and at one bound he rose to his feet, and fixing his wandering eyes upon the air, he cried, "See! there she lies, covered with blood, and expiring." These words made the courageous innkeeper groan; looking behind Sir W. T., he saw the mangled body of his unfortunate child. "We were at lunch," he said, "when my poor girl ran a little before me, and a bear, enraged by famine, sprang upon her at the moment that she was gathering some plants at the foot of that rock. She defended herself bravely; her cries brought me to her aid, but my poor child had perished. Animated by despair, I seized this hatchet which I brought with me, and fury having redoubled my strength and courage, the monster expired at my feet, but I was childless."

Having spoken these words, he was melted into tears. The bear, with its head literally hacked and pounded, lay a short distance from the young lady, who herself was unrecognizable. The innkeeper attempted to make a litter upon which to remove the dead body, but the father opposed his intention, and taking up his child in his arms, he followed his two companions without suffering them to touch his precious burden. In this manner they reached the inn at the fall of the evening, and Sir. W. T's family then learnt their double misfortune—the afflicted father had lost his reason.—*Saturday Gazette.*

### PLEASURES OF GARDENING.

On small estates, unless the proprietor is familiar with gardening, the most satisfactory course is to employ only an intelligent laborer, and attempt nothing at first beyond the simplest operations. If he employs a professional gardener, the natural dislike of showing his own ignorance and awkwardness will prevent his applying his own hand to the work; but in the other case, having no fear of being laughed at behind his back, his interest in the subject, being the result of his own studies and experiments, will become continually more absorbing. Of the pleasures incidentally connected with the garden, the power of making presents of the fruit of one's own labors is certainly one of the highest. A rare bouquet to one who can appreciate its loveliness, a dish of blushing fruit, or a basket of choice vegetables, contributed on some special occasion to a friend's bill of fare—or a rich cluster of grape, to bless the fading sight of some poor consumptive, to whose parched lips they seem almost a foretaste of heaven—affords a degree of satisfaction to the giver from being the result of his own skilful labor, which can be but faintly realized by him whose gifts involve only a demand upon his purse.—*H. W. S. Cleveland.*

### WIVES AT AUCTION.

It is related by Herodotus that the citizens of ancient Babylon adopted a curious method of equalizing the gifts of fortune, so far as they relate to marriageable young ladies. All the blushing candidates for matrimony were assembled in a public place to be sold at auction. The most beautiful was singled out first and knocked down to the highest bidder, and so the auction went on, descending in the scale of beauty and of prices until some bidder got his wife for nothing. Then the least plain ones were brought forth, and the question put, who would take them for the smallest consideration. Thus the auctioneer gradually passed to the plainest of all, who were got rid of, as well as the rest, at the highest figure of compensation. In this way the young Babylonian ladies of ancient time found husbands—the sums paid for the beautiful creating a fund which provided dowries for the ugly.—*Gems of History.*

### GRAVE OF RUBENS.

The tomb of this distinguished painter, at Antwerp was opened a few weeks since, in the presence of a "select party." The floor was found partially covered with fragments of coffins and mouldering bones. Thirteen persons besides Rubens are known to have been buried in the vault, and the exact spot in which his remains were deposited is not precisely known. But four of the coffins are slightly elevated upon iron rails, and it is supposed that three of them were occupied by the great painter and his two wives. The fourth contains the remnant of an ecclesiastical robe and was evidently once tenanted by a priest.—*Portfolio.*

### REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTE.

"It was once in my power to have shot General Washington!" said a British soldier to an American, as they were discussing the events of the great struggle at concluding of peace. "Why did you not shoot him then?" asked the American. "You ought to have done so for the benefit of your countrymen." "The death of Washington would not have been for their benefit," replied the Englishman, "for we depended upon him to treat our prisoners kindly; and, by heaven! we'd sooner have shot an officer of our own."—*Revolutionary Reminiscences.*

### EFFECTS OF STEAM ON SEAMANSHIP.

A steam voyage is no school for seamanship. A young officer may cross the Atlantic half a-dozen times, and never see a manœuvre beyond the simplest routine. An enterprising youth, ambitious of distinction in his profession, might study seamanship with more advantage on the pier at Hungerford. Through the charm of a few magical sentences—"ease her," "back her," "stop her," "turn ahead"—a kind of marine abracadabra—all the feats of nautical skill and science are now performed by any man who has the average ability of a cabman. As regards the seamanship of the service, the delight of the thing is gone; the interest is quenched by the utter simplicity and facility of the task. * * * Formerly the conversation in the ward-room was of winds and currents, of the prospects of the voyage, the progress of the ship. Now all this is at an end. The huge steamer gets under way; officers devoutly pray for a foul wind, to save bother with the sails; the course is given—"turn ahead;" the good ship proceeds on her steady, undeviating track, and the most enthusiastic seaman is beat by the monotony of the thing. "What is she doing?" "Eight and a-half, and I think it's going to rain." The nautical conversation can get no further, and is given up. The crew, to divert their minds from mischief, are kept laboring in vain to scrub the great blackamoor white; and, as far as seamanship is concerned, the whole vehicle might just as well be an omnibus.—*Cambridge Essays.*

### THE MUSES.

The Muses are described in mythology as daughters of Jupiter and Mnemosyne. They are believed to preside over poetry, music, and all the liberal arts and sciences, and were generally allowed to be nine in number.

Calliope presided over epic poetry and eloquence, and is represented as holding a close-rolled parchment, and sometimes a trumpet.

Clio, who was the goddess of history, is represented as holding a half-open scroll.

Melpomone, the inventress and goddess of tragedy, is represented as holding a tragic mask, or bowl and dagger.

Erato presided over lyric, tender and amorous poetry. She is always represented as crowned with roses and myrtles, holding a lyre in her hand.

Terpsichore was the goddess of dancing, and is represented as crowned with laurel, and holding a musical instrument.

Urania, the muse of astronomy, is represented as holding a globe and a rod with which to point out objects.

Thalia was the patroness of comedy. She was called "The Blooming One," with fair flowing hair, and generally holds a comic mask.

Polyhymnia, the ninth muse, presided over singing and rhetoric. She is represented veiled in white, holding a sceptre in her left hand, and with her right raised, as if ready to harangue.—*New Orleans Crescent.*

## News Glances.

Japanese Manufacture.—The Japanese manufacture porcelain ware beautifully, but their cups and dishes are not of convenient size or shape. Their lacquer ware is the richest in the world. Their toys excel those manufactured elsewhere, and their manufactures of iron, steel and other metals are said to be very superior in many respects.

Paste that is Paste.—Dissolve an ounce of alum in a quart of warm water. When cold, add as much flour as will make it the consistence of cream; then strew into it half a teaspoonful of powdered rosin and two or three cloves. Boil it to a consistence, stirring all the time. It will keep for twelve months, and when dry, may be softened with water.

Big Bowling.—Two successive strings of the pins were rolled lately in San Francisco, in each of which the roller succeeded in knocking down three hundred pins in ten frames. In order to accomplish this, twenty-four consecutive ten-strikes were made, and it is a feat seldom executed by any player.

Samuel Rogers.—A cast of this poet was taken after his death, from which a marble bust is to be executed. The London Illustrated News says that when Rogers made his appearance as a poet, Lord Byron was unborn—and Byron has been dead thirty-one years!

Reaping Machines.—A firm in Rockford, Illinois, have manufactured, the past year, four thousand reaping machines, and the sum total of their transactions amounted to more than half a million dollars; seven hundred men are in their employ.

Belgium.—Belgium is the greatest glove manufactory of the world. It is stated that from one establishment, last year, 400,000 dozen pairs were exported to England and America. There are 3000 hands employed there.

Bound to get his Letters.—The Chicago Democrat says a Kentuckian went to the post-office in that city where he had a box. Seeing a letter in it, he broke the glass and took it out.

Miss Elise Hensler.—The operatic performances of this young lady have surpassed the expectations of her warmest friends. She bids fair to be a star of the first magnitude.

Female Physicians.—The Boston Almanac gives the names of fourteen female physicians now practising in this city. Some of them have a large professional business.

The greatest Artist.—The award of the fine-art jury of the Paris Exposition places Horace Vernet at the head of all the living artists of the world.

Matrimonial.—Within a few years, no less than seven representatives of foreign governments have married American ladies.

The Peg and Awl.—The boot and shoe trade of Cincinnati, Ohio, is said to amount to four millions of dollars annually.

Glue.—A Londoner has obtained a patent for a process of converting old shoes into glue.

Lawsuits.—The city of Boston, in the last few years, has paid over $22,000 for legal services.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION

MATURIN M. BALLOU,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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### GOSSIP ABOUT EATING.

We are not a nation of epicures, nor exactly of gourmands, yet we have been accused of eating too much, too fast, and too indiscriminately. An American *table d'hote* rather resembles the groaning board of a feudal baron, after a successful foray, than the array of dainty dishes set before a Parisian *bon vivant*, after the scientific manipulations of some Soyer, or Vatel. We have no class of men who devote themselves to the gratification of their palates, and no ministering artists who have elevated cookery into the dignity of a science, and staked their lives on its triumphs. When some one desired an interview with Vatel, the answer of the attendant was sublime—"If is not visible, monsieur; he is composing." His end was worthy of a Roman hero. Perceiving that an entertainment he had prepared for his master, the Prince of Condi, fell short, he retired to his apartment in despair. The prince sent to console him; but the *artist* would not be comforted. "The kindness of my noble master overwhelms me," said he. "I know that the roast meat is deficient for two tables—I cannot survive it!" and he fell upon his sword.

What cruelties have been enacted in the name of gastronomy! The enormous goose livers, which form the staple of the famous Strasburgh pies, attain their size by nailing down the unfortunate bird, alive, before a slow fire, and subjecting her to the most detestable tortures. "The goose," says the *Almanach des Gourmands*, with cynical effrontery, "passes, it must be confessed, a sufficiently unhappy existence. The punishment would be even utterly intolerable for her, if the idea of the fortune that awaited her did not serve to console her. But this prospect enables her to support her sufferings with courage; and when she reflects that her liver, fatter than herself, larded with truffles, and cloched in a scientific pie, will soar as an Europe the glory of her name, she resigns herself to destiny, and does not shed a single tear." An old English cook-book gives a receipt for roasting and serving up a goose alive, so that "she will be almost eaten up before she be dead, which is mighty pleasant to behold." Fortunately, the cookery of our country is disgraced by no such atrocities; for with respect to skinning eels alive, it is well known that pity in their case is thrown away, because they are used to it.

We shall come to culinary refinements by-and-by, when we do not enjoy such an abundance of food as at present. Cookery thrives best in those countries where the material is scarce. According to Achille Murat, every living thing in this country is edible except the turkey-buzzard. "I have eaten ze alligator," he was wont to say; "ze alligator is good. I have eaten ze woodchuck—ze woodchuck is good. I have eaten ze owl—ze owl is good; dat is, *pooty* good. But as for ze turkey-buzzard, I have tried him different ways; I have cat him ross (roast); I have eat him boil; I have cat him vet you call hash; I have eat him smoke and pickel—but I regret to say, ze turkey-buzzard is not good."

We don't think we could relish a peacock any more than Achille Murat did a turkey-buzzard. Yet in Rome a peacock frequently commanded one hundred and sixty dollars for the table. Neither will extravagance in eating probably ever be carried among us to that pitch that a single supper will cost $107,000, as it used to do that prince of gourmands, Heliogabalus. Vitellius spent over thirty-one millions of dollars a year on eating and drinking. But then we cannot wonder at the cost of living in those "high times," if there were many men like Clodius Albinus, the Roman military commander in Gaul, who at one sitting devoured five hundred figs, two hundred peaches, ten melons, twenty pounds of raisins, one hundred snipes, ten capons, and one hundred and fifty large oysters, besides violating the Maine law to the extent of several gallons. This Albinus must have been, as Shakespeare says of Cardinal Wolsey—

"A man of most unbounded stomach."

Something like half a dozen Falstaffs rolled into one. Of course, those old Romans were never troubled with dyspepsia!

Binding.—Having extended the facilities for prompt and neat work in our binding department, we are now prepared to bind all works handed in to us, at the lowest prices, and in the best possible manner. Books, pamphlets, magazines, newspapers, will all be bound in any desired form; our own works being finished as heretofore, and at the same prices.

J. M. Field.—Among the recent deaths, none has produced a more painful impression than that of J. M. Field, the actor and manager of the Mobile Theatre. He was a true gentleman, an honor to his profession and society; a map of cultured mind, and an elegant writer.

An enormous Salary.—The First Presbyterian Church of New Orleans have made overtures to the Rev. Dr. N. L. Rice, of St. Louis, Missouri, to become their pastor, with the promise of $7000 salary.

The Navy.—By the death of Commodore Morris, Commodore Shubrick becomes senior officer of the navy.

### PEACE AND WAR.

The best informed people say that while England is sturdily desirous of a vigorous prosecution of the war, France is equally anxious for peace, and disposed to let the Czar off upon easy terms. This difference of feeling is easily accounted for—the British have yet a military fame to win; the French reaped a full harvest of glory. The British began the contest, as they have commenced nearly all their wars, arrogant, unprepared, ill-equipped and disorganized. It has required months of suffering and disgrace to open the eyes of their men of office to the exigencies of the crisis. On land they have done but little—afloat, nothing at all. It is absolutely necessary for them to retrieve their reputation. The French troops, on the other hand, went to the East fully provided, in a splendid state of discipline, and burning to distinguish themselves. They have done nobly. A succession of brilliant feats of arms has crowned the imperial eagles with imperishable fame, and shown to the world that Louis Napoleon is at the head of the first military power of the globe. Then, as regards France and England, we must not forget that it is the British *nation* that is waging war against Russia, while, on the other side of the Channel, it is only one man, a despot, sending his legions to battle. The British nation is fighting for principle; the French emperor for self. The British nation is fighting against despotism; the French emperor—a despot and usurper to boot—cannot carry the same feelings into the struggle. The war in England is popular; it France it finds the greatest favor with the army.

Louis Napoleon has accomplished his purposes, he has displayed his power; he has employed a brilliant army, clamorous for occupation, and furnished a valid excuse for showering on them promotions, crosses, medals and pensions. But France has a two-fold character. With all the chivalry and love of glory of the French, they are also a commercial and industrial, a money-loving and a money-seeking people. The five-franc piece is as potential with them as the dollar is with us. The throne is supported by the bayonets and the *bourgeois*. The bayonets have been cared for, and now Napoleon must look to the citizens. They are beginning to grumble at "hard times," and the hard times are as much the result of the war as of short crops. Hence Louis Napoleon, not being troubled with the high principle which nerves the arms and hearts of England, must be anxious for peace, and ready to secure it on almost any terms; and the view we have taken, shows why England, raising men with extreme difficulty, is still ready to fight on, while Louis Napoleon, with an army of 600,000 men, is desirous of sheathing the sword and cultivating the arts of peace.

### THE LONDON TIMES CORRESPONDENT.

Mr. Russell, the war correspondent of the London Times, whose graphic descriptions of the deadly struggle in the Crimea have been read all over the world, is now in London. He was driven from the Crimea by a mob of soldiers. The cause is given as follows: Mr. Russell had written home describing the drunkenness of the troops ascribing it to their extra pay, and recommended that sixpence a day per man should be withheld and invested in the savings' bank. When his letter, printed in the Times, reached the camp, the exasperated soldiers attacked his hut and destroyed his property. The officers would not protect him, for they too were angry with him for his fearless exposure of their ignorance and miscondnct, and were glad of the opportunity to get rid of him. They will not, however, gain much by making him a deadly enemy, for he wields a pen mightier than the sword.

An Iron Ship.—An iron ship from England was at the port of Charleston, S. C., and attracted many admiring visitors. Her hull was made throughout of iron, and all the standing rigging of galvanized wire. She was constructed with three compartments, perfectly water-tight, so that any one might be filled with water and the others would float the vessel. She was clipper built.

Sweets to the Sweet.—The maple sugar crop of the year 1855 amounted to $2,200,000. This production might easily be largely increased. The sugar maple grows very rapidly, and will flourish in many degrees of latitude. It is a very ornamental tree, and it is quite handy to have a supply of sugar always on tap at your door.

Peace.—The peace party in Russia comprises Count Nesselrode, the empress's mother, and those statesmen whom the Russians jealously designate the "German party." It is in the majority in St. Petersburg among the upper classes; the minority in the mass of the population.

Cruel.—Dean Swift, hearing of a carpenter falling through the scaffolding of a house which he was engaged in repairing, dryly remarked that he liked to see a mechanic go through his work promptly.

Effect of Prayer.—Haydn, the great musician, said the best means of restoring mental energy after the exhaustion of long and difficult studies, was to engage in fervent prayer.

Jail Delivery.—The state prison at Baden, Germany, was lately destroyed by fire. All the convicts took leg-bail without inquiring of the turnkeys whether it would be admissible.

A Ruse de Guerre.—A party of French troops, with white cloaks on to confound them with the snow, lately attacked Baidar, and baptcmted the Russian guard.

Yankees abroad.—About thirty Americans, including Mike Walsh, formerly of the New York Spartan band, were lately at Sebastopol.

Fast Day.—The races at Charleston, S. S., commenced on the 6th of February.

### EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

A proverb has been called "the wisdom of many and the wit of one."

Mary Campbell, of Virginia, was lately crushed to death by a threshing machine.

Rogers said of Italy, "The memory sees more than the eye."

A bank in Albany, N. Y., has been organized with $600,000 capital.

West Florida shall not be annexed to Alabama, says the governor of Florida.

The total value of property in San Francisco is over thirty-two million dollars.

The United States navy are wearing buttons, bright as jet, made of India rubber.

At Cincinnati they have three music halls and two theatres, for the public amusement.

In London, one half of the deaths of children is produced by hereditary inebriety.

Miss Adelaide Phillips has $200 a night and travelling expenses for singing.

Jenny Lind will make another fortune by her engagement in England.

Louis Napoleon has given Queen Victoria an album. How nice and gallant!

There were 35,000 copies of the first number of Dickens's last novel sold in England.

George Sand has written a new play for the French theatre, Paris.

Ex-President Fillmore has been received well everywhere abroad. A true hearted American.

Laura Keene's "Varieties," New York, has been very successful in its exhibitions.

Crawford, the sculptor, is at Rome modelling figures for our capitol. Success to him.

Holbrook's "Ten Years among the Mail-Bags" is having a prodigious sale.

The late Commodore Morris was a lieutenant in the battle of the Constitution and Guerriere.

George Cruikshank, the English caricaturist, is "takin' notes" in this country.

The governor of New York recommends the establishment of a free agricultural college.

A skating society of Dons and Donnas has been formed at Madrid, Spain.

The prize crop of Indian corn, in Ohio, was one hundred and sixty-four bushels to the acre.

Many fine horses have died of a sort of fever and influenza, in this vicinity, lately.

A man in England recently tried to kill himself by swallowing a red hot poker!

Out of 165 men hung in this country in 1854, only seven of the number could read and write.

### A DARK AFFAIR.

The emperor of Hayti, Faustin I., has been rather unlucky, having been defeated by the Dominicans, notwithstanding the tremendous odds he brought against them, and for aught we know, having been by this time deprived of his crown and head. Faustin, or Soulouque rather, got the start of Louis Napoleon in proclaiming himself emperor. His coronation took place as soon as he could raise the wind for purchasing the crown, sceptre, and other "fixin's" of the French manufacturers, who refused to furnish him on credit. But "uneasy sleeps the head beneath the crown." His ambition was not satisfied; he was not

"As happy as de buzzard bird
Dat lifts from flower to flower."

Amidst the splendors of his court, by the side of his blooming empress, in the midst of the ringing music of the saloon and the homage of the populace, he burned for military glory. He looked upon his army, composed about equally of generals and privates, and he resolved to lead them forth to conquest. He hated the Dominicans for their yellow hue, and so resolved to beat them black and blue. But his splendid army was routed by a handful of the gallant mulattoes. Soulouque fled—the Duke of Marmalade and Prince Orgeat fled; one or two generals alone stood their ground, and were cut to pieces in defence of their recreant emperor. The glory of Hayti has departed. Yet Hayti has known some eminent men in past times. Toussaint L'Ouverture, the liberator, was a really great man, and Napoleon treated him infamously. Boyer, too, was a man of more than respectable talents. But it must be confessed that the latter-day Haytiens are rather small potatoes. This row among the colored gentlemen has almost ruined business at Port au Prince.

Arcadian Innocence.—It is said that the people of Arcadia were so simple that during an eclipse of the moon they killed an ass, accusing him of having eaten the moon, because the image of the moon disappeared in the water at the moment the ass was drinking. We wonder if they had a post mortem examination of the animal. It was a clear case of ass-as-ination.

Nothing new under the Sun.—The grape disease, which has called forth so many commentaries, is at least 1900 years old. Pliny says: "The vines and olive trees are subject to a peculiar malady named the spider's web, which con-ists in their fruit being enveloped in a sort of web which kills them."

Massachusetts Militia.—The volunteer militia of this State, according to the Adjutant General's report, were never in a more effective condition. The best feeling prevails among our citizen soldiery, and the militia system is regarded by outsiders with the greatest favor.

Sea Sickness.—A berth has been invented as an antidote to sea sickness. It is so constructed that the occupant always retains a horizontal position, no matter how much the vessel may be tossed.

The Hermitage.—The mansion of Gen. Jackson, at Nashville, Tenn., is now occupied by his adopted son, Major Donaldson. In the garden are the tombs of the hero and his wife.

Foggy.—Jones's fog bell, lately erected on Baker's Island, in Salem harbor, weighs 1560 pounds. It will be heard at a great distance.

Iron.—A bar of iron, costing five dollars, worked into watch-springs, is worth $250,000.

### BALLOU'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION

For the present week embraces the following contents:

"The Drama," a sketch by Frederick W. Saunders.
"Alice," a poem by Mary H. Lucy.
"Tit for Tat," a story by John Dennebery.
"Song," by Wm. L. Shoemaker.
"The Strait," a story by Anne T. Wheaton.
"The Pilgrim Band," verses by Mrs S. E Dawes.
"Too Fast by a Good Deal," a tale by Arthur Stanfield.
"Winter," a poem by George H. Coomer.
"The Prairie Home," a Western sketch, by Sylvanus Cobb, Jr.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

An engraving appropriate to the season, representing a Snow Scene on Boston Common.

A series of pictures giving a view of an Emigrant Voyage, first, the Embarkation of Emigrants; second, the Departure from Liverpool, third, the Rod Call at Sea.

Scenes in Albany, giving views of Hawser Hall, the Reservoir, City Hall and State Hall, Stanwix Hall, the Exchange, and an old Dutch house, on the corner of Steuben and Chapel streets.

Representation of a Street in Calcutta.

An engraving of East Indian military life, representing the Charge of the Bodhi-Bangaks.

Portrait of Samuel Rogers, the poet, who recently died at the age of 92 years.

A revolutionary scene, delineating the well known historical incident, the Escape of Sergeant Champe.

*,* The Pictorial is for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, Price cents a copy.

☞ One copy of The Flag, and one copy of the Pictorial, when taken together, for $4 00 per annum.

## Foreign Items.

The Countess Dowager, of Errol, daughter of William the Fourth, and the celebrated Mrs. Jordan, is dead, aged 55 years.

Hon. Henry Gralbourne, Ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, is dead. By his death the chancellor's pension of £2000 ceases.

Sweden continues warlike preparations. The Copenhagen official journal denies the existence of any circular repudiating the Swedish alliance on the part of Denmark.

The London correspondent of the Manchester Guardian states that Mr. Macaulay had received a check for £16,000 for the copyright of the third and fourth volumes of the history of England.

According to official reports, published in the beginning of 1855, the capital of France, with a population of one million souls, has only forty-six churches, or one church to 23,900 of the inhabitants.

From the 1st of May up to the 15th of November 349,009 persons had the cholera in the Austrian empire; 288,039 recovered, 280,861 died, and 30,208 were still under medical treatment.

Several members of the British Parliament have signified their intention to introduce a bill at the ensuing session, extending the right of suffrage to all persons, not aliens, who pay an income tax.

There was a grand review at Paris on the 15th ult. of troops from the Crimea, when the Duke of Cambridge, in the name of Queen Victoria, presented the British Crimean medal to 14,000 French troops.

Light and pleasant bread is made in France by a mixture of apples and flour, in the proportion of one of the former to two of the latter. The usual quantity of yeast is employed. Very little water is required if the apples are fresh.

## Dewdrops of Wisdom.

He submits himself to be seen through a microscopo, who suffers himself to be caught in a passion.

*Concession*—A little explained, a little endured, a little tolerated as a foible; and lo! the jagged stone fit like mosaic.

To enjoy life, you should be a little miserable occasionally. Trouble, like cayenne, is not very agreeable in itself, but it gives great zest to other things.

There never was any party, faction, sect, or cabal whatsoever, in which the most ignorant were not the most violent; for a bee is not a busier animal than a blockhead.

The great secret of avoiding disappointment is, not to expect too much. Despair follows immoderate hope, as things fall hardest to the ground that have been nearest to the sky.

Mental discipline, the exercise of the faculties of the mind, the quickening of apprehension, the strengthening of memory, the forming of a sound, rapid, and discriminating judgment, are of more importance than any store of learning.

"Be open," Sterne remarks, in allusion to marriage, "be honest; give yourself for what you are worth, something, varnish nothing, and if these fair weapons will not do, better not conquer at all than conquer for a day."

No government can flourish where the manners and morals of the people are corrupted, for, as Tully observes, take but away the awe of religion, all that fidelity and justice, so necessary to the keeping up of human society, must perish with it.

Avarice is rarely the vice of a young man: it is rarely the vice of a great man; but Marlborough was one of the few who have, in the bloom of youth, loved more than wine or women, and who have, at the height of greatness, loved more than power or fame.

## Joker's Budget.

Pretender to a crown—a lady's bonnet.

"I'll take your part," as the dog said when he robbed the cat of her portion of the dinner.

A friend has presented us with the autograph of the blacksmith that "riveted the public gaze."

Some slandering bachelor says it is much joy when you first get married; but more *joy* after a year or two.

The hardest thing to hold in this world is an unruly tongue. It beats a hot smoothing iron and a kicking horse considerably.

A militia captain at the West, by the name of Bang, has named his eldest son *Slam*. What a noisy fellow he ll be, ha! Slam Bang!

A Dr. Somebody, in New York, undertakes to prove that every herb has a distinct soul or spirit. If this be so, is not herb tea "spirituous drink?

A clerk seriously alarmed his employer the other day by informing him that a Middlesex county bank was *in the same state* with the Grocers' Bank.

Burke told Garrick, at Hampton, that all bitter things were hot. "Indeed," replied Garrick; "then what think you of a bitter cold day?"

Our friend, Mrs. Spadge, is in favor of the abolition of small bills; for she entertains the very definite idea that 5's will be more plenty after that. Poor woman.

"This is really the smallest horse I ever saw," said a countryman, on viewing a Shetland pony. "I admit now," replied his Irish companion, "but I've seen one as small as two of him!"

"Sambo, you's larned in de law; can you say if de devil was to lose him tail, what would he go to find another one?" "Why, to de grocery, ob course, you ignerent nigger—dat's de only place I knows on where dey is tail bad spirits."

## Quill and Scissors.

The New York Agricultural Society have offered a premium of one hundred dollars (gold medal or money) for an approved work of one hundred pages, duodecimo, long primer, for the transactions of the society, on the edible fishes of the State which are susceptible of domestication and cultivation.

A bill has been reported in the Senate of Virginia, providing for the erection of a plain tomb of granite, or marble, over the grave of James Madison. It is a somewhat singular and mortifying fact, that up to this time no stone has marked the place where rest the mortal remains of this illustrious man.

The almanacs say that Saturn's rings will be visible all of this year, with the aid of a telescope, their southern surface being now turned toward the earth. This planet will be the evening star until June 3, then morning star until December 31, then evening star until the 10th of July, 1857.

One night, recently, Miss Sherburne, daughter of W. H. Sherburne of Duxbury, after retiring for the night, got up and went to the closet for some food, and while there accidentally caught her night clothes on fire, and was burnt so badly that she only lived about six hours.

The tobacco crop of Connecticut has become so important that the tobacco growers lately held a convention at Hartford to promote their interest. A tobacco warehouse has been established in that city, where the crops of all the principal growers are sent for sale.

It is stated that in the Andover Association of Congregational ministers, embracing eighteen churches, fifteen of the number have dissolved their pastoral connections within less than five years, and four of them have changed twice within the same period.

McCormick is said to have accumulated an immense fortune already by his patents, and Manny has been almost equally successful during the time that he has been in the business. McCormick resides in Chicago, and Manny at Rockford, Ill.

We find in the St. Louis Herald a grand scheme proposed by a young man in that city. He calls it "A Leap Year Scheme," in which he proposes to raffle himself off at $5 a chance—the number of chances to be limited to $500.

The Memphis Eagle and Enquirer says there is now living in Hardeman county a man aged 98 years, who has recently cut *eight new teeth!* Such is his vigor that he can walk a mile with the ease of a young man.

Rev. Payson Williston, D. D., the oldest graduate of Yale College, lately died at Easthampton, in the ninety-third year of his age. He was extensively known and highly esteemed as a man and a clergyman.

Among the petitions presented to the Pennsylvania Legislature, for the repeal of the restraining liquor law, was one from Alleghany county, said to be sixty feet in length. It contained 3000 signatures.

The Montreal Pilot says that "John Fraser, laborer, who died during the cholera of 1854, was fined twenty shillings for non attendance at the Court of Quarter Sessions as petit juror on the 14th ult.

A. Shade, Esq., has built and presented to the Episcopal Church in Galt, Canada, a schoolhouse that cost $20,000. This is a "shade which follows wealth or fame" to some good purpose.

The governor of Alabama having vetoed the bill extending State aid to the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, the Legislature has passed the bill over his veto.

The number of farms in New Hampshire is 47,408; in Vermont, 46,512; in Massachusetts, 55,082; in Connecticut, 31,756; in Rhode Island, 8,398.

The Baltimore Sun says the capital invested in the oyster trade in that city, is $5,000,000, employing 500 vessels and 15,000 persons.

The Mississippi River is closed for navigation its entire length, a circumstance unprecedented in the memory of any person living.

R. M. Johnson was recently expelled from the class at the Cleveland Medical College, in consequence of having negro blood in his veins.

A bill has been introduced in the New York Senate to prevent prize fighting of every kind. The bill carries a stringent penalty.

The New Bedford Mercury says the ice crop in that vicinity has not only been abundant this season, but of unusual purity.

The Hartford Bank redeemed the other day a two dollar bill that had been in circulation fifty-two years.

There are two hundred and thirty-four boys in the Maine State Reform School.

## Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Blakie, Mr. Burton Crowe to Miss Mary Sutherford.

*By Rev.* Mr. Bartol, Mr. George R. Buffum to Miss Harriet N. Swan, both of Salem.

By Rev. Mr. Grimes, Mr. Adam R. Dill to Miss Sarah F. Young.

By Rev. Mr. Cilley, Mr. Ansel L. Flanders to Miss Adaline P. Flanders.

*By* Rev. Ike Streeter, Mr. A. P. Haskell to Miss Lydia T. Lufkin, both of Gloucester.

By Rev. Dr Vinton, Mr. Cyrus Foster to Mrs. Harriet Low.

At Cambridge, by Rev. Mr. Allen, Mr. Lemuel Kempton, of Frankfort, Me., to Miss Sarah P. Stone.

At South Malden, by Rev. Mr. Pratt, Mr. Jesse J. Underhill to Miss Mary H. Dix.

At Boylston, by Rev Mr. Sanford, Mr. Chas. Goddard, Jr., to Miss Sarah E. Morse.

At Danvers, by Rev Mr. Chaffin, Mr. William R. Colyer to Miss Susan P. Raymond both of Lynn.

At Marblehead, by Rev. Mr. Dutton, Mr. Francis H. Dennis to Miss Hannah Thompson.

At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Chaplin, Mr. James McKay to Miss Mary Sinclair.

At Fitchburg, by Rev Mr. Steele, Mr. James W. Pierce to Miss Julia S. Lamb.

At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Dwight, Mr. Joseph A. Sargent, of Lawleton, Me., to Miss Cordelia Cooley.

At Amherst, by Rev. Dr. Stearns, Hon. John Welch, of Athens, Ohio, to Miss Felicia Emerson.

At Greenland, N. H., by Rev. Mr. Alden, Mr. James Logan, of Clinton, Conn., to Miss Agnes Spread.

## Deaths.

In this city, Mr. Charles A. Randall, grocer, 37; Mr. Thomas Carter 90; Miss Abigail Crosby, 53; Mr. W. H. W. Allan, of st. John, N. B., 28; Widow Elizabeth Bell, 72; Mrs. A. M. Chaffin; Mr. Samuel Hill Mellen, 27; Widow Sarah G. Choate, 67.

At Charlestown, Capt. Samuel Moore, 78.

At Roxbury Mrs. Margaret G. Procter, 67, Widow Sally Barstow, 66.

At West Cambridge, Miss Maria Hill, 32.

At Lexington, Mr Andrew C. Dawson 66; Mr. Charles Harrington, 86; Mr George Tuttle 58.

At Waltham, Mrs Maria L. Cushing, 51.

At Woburn, Mrs Ann Maria, wife of Mr George W. Crooke, 30.

At Salem, Mrs Abigail Chapman, 58; Mr. Horatio R. Langmaid, 38; Mr Thomas Bryant, 66.

At Lynn Mr. George H. Holmes, 46; Mr. Henry W. Austin, 41; Mrs Lydia Goldsmith, 74.

At Gloucester, Mrs Mary Parsons, 78.

At Newburyport, Jacob Frieth, Esq., 79; Mr William Brown, 28.

At Warren, Mr. Lewis Moore, 60.

At North Adams, Mrs. Sarah Hathaway 77.

At Pittsfield, Miss Maria F. Thayer, 61; Mr. Jesse Newton, 47.

At Stockton, Capt. Jonathan Reynolds, 69.

At Portland, Widow Mary Plumer, 90.

At Parsonsfield, Me., Mr John Merrill, formerly of Newburyy, Mass. 75.

At New Haven, Conn., John Walton, Esq. 90.

At Yonkers, N. Y., Mr. Samuel Ayres, a soldier of the Revolution, 88.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

MOONLIGHT.—AN EASTERN SKETCH.

BY G. P. PEACOCK.

'Tis gentle moonlight softly falls,
While the bulbul sings through the sweet night hour,
Where dark eyes beam with no tear-drops wet,
Sings Oman, who hath not felt their power.

In flooded light on the minaret spires—
O is it not a time to love,
Amid the bright gardens of Alphias,
With such a sky as this above?

Where fragrance floats on the western gale
Of the amaranth and bright sepoleil,
It rivers the rivers and bowers of Haroun—
Casts over them its sweet love-spell.

On the lighted rivers that softly gleam,
As silently as in a dream,
And not a sound disturbs their flow,
It turns enchanted the eastern scene.

Where palm trees rise beside the fount,
The wearied pilgrim stops to rest;
In the gurgling waters its mirror shines,
On the desert scene the loneliest.

O, sweetly sleeps it on the wave,
Where light boats skim and part the tide;
While tones that play their part so well,
Wake echoes 'long the shores beside.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## LILLE KATY.

BY MRS. H. MARION STEPHENS.

"I'm out of all sorts of patience—I certainly am! The more I work and slave, the more I may. Here's the silks and the flosses that I wound up and put away so carefully only this morning, all up in a tangle! It is no more use for me to scold Lille Katy than it is to scold the wind for blowing. I do believe every word I say goes in at one ear and out at the other. I'll turn over a new leaf with that girl before I'm a day older. I certainly will! She's enough to vex a saint. Here, Katy!—Katy, I say! Where are you? Idling, I'll be sworn!" And so she was.

Dear Lille Katy—sweet Lille Katy! No wonder Aunt Prudence lost her temper occasionally. She had been going to turn over that "new leaf" any time these fourteen years, but somehow the sight of Lille Katy's mischievous eyes always made her forget to do so; but now her foot was down (and Aunt Prudence *had* a foot worthy the name, if she had no other accomplishment), and there was to be no more nonsense about it.

"I shall have her to hunt up now, and everything laying at sixes and sevens about the house, waiting to be cared for." And with a firm and brisk step, and lips pursed-up under the influence of the scolding she was preparing, Aunt Prudence started from the kitchen door, and made her way to the barnyard, where she had sent Katy an hour before in quest of eggs.

"Well, I *never*!"

Aunt Prudence was right; she certainly never did. She had come bolt upon Lille Katy, who, oblivious to everything but the loves and the sorrows of the heroine of her romance, was nestled up under the haymow, her cheeks flushed, and her eyes wet, deeply immersed in a novel that had been prohibited with the most positive stringence. Saucy Lille Katy! In her surprise she had hardly time to concoct a witchery, with which to melt her aunty's heart.

"I had such a time hunting after the eggs—didn't I, Juno? You and me, you know;" and she lifted the ears of her pet spaniel, letting them flap back again over her eyes in a way not quite agreeable to her dignity. "There's one of the hens setting, too, aunty, and I couldn't make her move a bit. I poked and poked—didn't I, Juno?—you and me; but she wouldn't stay poked. See here," said she, flinging the forbidden book far over the hay, which her aunt immediately fished out again with the rake; "see here, aunty, arn't she one of the obstinate biddies?" and she began prying away vigorously at a hen near by, whose ruffled feathers and swelled breast said as plainly as words could say, that she was bound to have a family of chickens out of that batch of eggs, or die for it.

"Don't do that—take her off!" cries the aunt, in alarm.

"O yes! *Take* her off! She'd take my nose off first; and I've no ambition to go without a nose." And Lille Katy had pretty good foundation for her fears; for her incensed heship was pecking away and scolding most furiously at the stick, which was still held within reach of her bill.

"There," exclaimed Aunt Prudence, swooping down, and bearing the hen off triumphantly in her apron. "Now walk into the house, miss."

The laugh which had been gathering in the eyes and on the lips of Katy, exploded in a little cough, as she followed, demurely, in the wake of her vigorous aunt, thinking all the while how she could best pacify her. Little need had she to fear!

Lille Katy was the orphan child of her aunt's dead sister, who, when she left the sunshine of her home, and went out into the darkness and the storms with a loved but loveless husband, left there one heart that no estrangement could harden. Poor Aunt Prudence! The world saw in her a hard, cold, shrewd old maid (some said a disappointed one), the angels saw a heart full of generous impulses, kindly thoughtful of the needs and wants of those around her, and ever ready to meet half way any evidence of affection that might have been tendered her. Rough she was to the core, but full of active kindness; never venting her charity in money or subscriptions, but penetrating to the heart of distress, assisting and relieving in her own individual person.

"I like to *see* what I do," she was wont to say, and many an unwelcome truth fell upon the ears of such as ventured to solicit ostentatious alms, wherein self-glorification peered out the chiefest aim. And Lille (a perversion of *little*) was her heart's idol. She would scold and fret, and sometimes imagine herself excessively severe, but let any other body look cross ways at her, and they were immediately on the black list of her acquaintance.

And Lille Katy! I wish there was such a thing as perfection personified in this world. But it is not possible; and Katy was only human! a very exquisite, bewitching, loveable bit of humanity; and, no thanks to well-meaning Aunt Prudence, that she was not spoiled beyond the hope of mending. But Lille Katy!

When that pale and dying sister placed her in the stout arms of Aunt Prudence, she vowed to watch over her, and guard her from harm; and when the frozen heart could shelter her no more, she carried her to her own home as tenderly, and with as much compassionate care, as if the beautiful bud had blossomed beneath her own heart-strings. And she *was* a loveable baby; a round, dimpled, jolly, crowing, little baby, that so long as Aunt Prudence would set a lighted candle for her to wonder at, and make insane efforts with her chubby hands to reach, would lay all day long among a heap of pillows, occasionally varying the monotony by pitching forward and turning a somerset over the pillows, much to the terror of her good aunt. But babyhood could not last always, and although Aunt Prudence took every occasion to boast of her superior attainments, and her strong sensibilities, still there was a lingering fear in her mind, that a girl of Katy's age should have better advantages than could be obtained in the common village school where her childhood had developed. Katy loved books, certainly; but *such* books. There was not one of them that her aunt would not have consigned to kindle the kitchen fire; and even in placing them to that use, she had some qualms of conscience as to the propriety of touching them with a pair of civilized tongs. Aunt Prudence had not kept up with the age, but 'Siah Willis *had*—so as fast as the aunt burnt them, 'Siah re-produced them from his capacious pocket, greatly to the edification of Katy, who quite gloried in the heroes and heroines of romance.

'Siah Willis was Katy's especial friend and confidant. It never entered that curly little head of hers, that friendship was only love without wings; in fact, we don't quite think she could have defined love, had she been asked; and as for Aunt Prudence, in her blind idolatry, she never dreamed that the day might come when another bond, more sweet and sacred, should step in between her and the child of her affection. That she should marry sometime was to be expected, and even desired. The aunt knew too well the bleak, lonely life of a woman's heart, thrown upon its own resources. Ah, yes, Katy should marry sometime, but that sometime was so far in the distance, so faint and undefined, that the idea was dismissed with a sigh.

Not so with 'Siah Willis. He had made the wonderful discovery, that he thought quite as much of Katy as was prudent, and a great deal more than his stern old father would have approved of had he been aware of the circumstance. 'Siah was an only son, brave, energetic and manly. His father before him had been a "rising man," a man of large intellect and larger ambition, a man of extensive practice and extensive means; all of which he honestly expected his only son to inherit and improve upon. His wife, a silly, common-place woman, devoted to novels and the latest fashions, gave but little interest to his home, and made him still more watchful, and still more determined that if ever his noble boy should need a friend he will be with one that could appreciate his genius and beautify his home. His own heart was empty, his own home a blank, and while he wished his son settled in life, he guarded with jealous care the road to that one great event.

Dear Katy! It was long before the truth found its way to her heart; but when it did, admiration for the dazzling qualities of his mind, together with the knowledge of her own inferiority, changed her girlish, wayward affection into a passion so intense that it was almost worship.

'Siah was to leave the village! 'Siah was to battle with the waves of life in the great city, where, to Katy's unsophisticated heart, every step was a snare, and every object a temptation. She had first learned it from his mother, who, in her pride of spirit and weakness of intellect, poured forth sentence after sentence of what great achievements 'Siah would make in the city.

"He's a deal smarter than his father; but, poor boy, he must never marry, unless he can find a rich wife. Nothing like poverty to keep a man down in the world—nothing. 'Siah must never marry!"

Why did Katy keep repeating these words to herself, long after the darkness surrounded her little chamber? Why had she not thought of this, before their constant association so interlaced their lives that it seemed impossible to separate them? Or why had it been forced upon her at all, when she might have lived on and loved with probably no further thought than that 'Siah was the ideal of genius and manliness?

It was long before the obtuse mind of Aunt Prudence took in the exact nature of Katy's change. When her quick eye first discerned the flushed cheeks and wet eyes, there was a pilgrimage over the house for blankets and herbs, and Katy found herself obliged to undergo an evening of assumed illness, in which an invalid of the first water would have delighted. Like all passionate natures, Katy was unreasonable in her grief. Her joyous, happy manner became fitful and reserved. One moment wild with excitement and passionate grief, the next, winding her arms in a soft curve around her aunt's neck, and pleading for her forgiveness.

To 'Siah, the change was still more inexplicable. Instead of the fond, open confidence of their former association, she shrank from his presence, blushing and ashamed. She avoided even the opportunity of being alone with him, and yet her evident wretchedness when he failed to make his daily visit would have convinced any eyes less blind than his own, that her conviction, and not her love, was at fault.

It was in the grey of the evening, just in that soft half light which is neither day nor evening, when 'Siah first poured out the whole strength of his passionate love into Katy's bewildered ear.

"I have loved you so long, Katy!—so long that I could not tell when friendship left, or where love began! I am going out into the world, Katy, far away from friends and counselors. It may be months, and O, Katy, it may be years, before we ever meet again! Promise to love me; promise that no time, no chance nor act, shall ever step between your love and mine! I shall want that assurance, Katy, to make me strong enough to reach the goal of my ambition. Speak to me, Katy, or I shall claim you mine in some strange, presumptuous way that may exile me from you forever."

Katy shrank from his outstretched arms, and folded her hands over her eyes! It was a long, strange struggle, and 'Siah looked on, half moodily, half impatiently, to see its termination. At first, it was her impulse to fly, to leave him, and ever after forbid him to seek her presence. All the deep and earnest feelings of her nature were aroused. One wild flash of thought showed her the abyss of her destiny when he should be gone. When he should be gone! When she should miss him, as only she *could* miss him! When she should yearn to hear his voice, and so yearning feel that loneliness which would be felt but once, and that once, forever! If she had been rich, if she could have paved with flowers the pathway over which his feet were to wander on the road to fame! But no! "He must never marry!" His life must be free, unencumbered, glorious; and she would live in her loneliness, to wait for and watch the development of that genius which she knew lay dormant in his heart. She did not offer to sit down, but stood by the window till the shadows lengthened and deepened, and finally shrouded both in darkness. Neither had spoken for many minutes, and the unnatural silence gave a painful stillness to the room.

He waited a while longer for her to say something, and then made a hasty step or two forward. She started from her reverie, dreading lest he should come forward, with arms held out in that mute entreaty, which it would be so hard to refuse. She saw he was expecting her answer in some way or other, and yet she feared to speak that one sentence which must wither up her young life with so fearful a blight that no after sunshine could revive it.

"I do not love you," at length she murmured. "I never thought of you as my husband. I thought we might always remain as friends—such dear, good, happy friends as we were till now. O, this fearful *now*! Why did you ever break the spell? We could then have been so happy!"

Katy sank down upon a chair and burst into a passion of tears. The dream of her life was over! She had sacrificed love to duty; and there must be some reward for it in the future.

"You do not mean it, Katy!" He had caught her hand, and was holding it passionately to his lips. "You do not mean it! Have we not been all in all to each other, in all the years that have past since we were children? I have never loved aught else in the world—not my good, harsh father, who doing all for the best, as he thinks, has made a path for me not over full of roses; not even my fond, weak mother, as I do you, Katy—Lille Katy, that I have seen grow up from beautiful babyhood into a charming woman! My life has been too busy, my thoughts altogether too much absorbed, to care for other associations."

Still Katy did not answer. She was striving against the wildest, strongest portion of her nature, and inwardly praying for strength to be true to what her instinct told her was duty. She could conceal from her lover all traces of that war which was thrilling her inmost soul with anguish, but she could not conceal from herself that what was grief to her was double anguish to him. He was to leave her—perhaps forever,—and yet, in such an hour as that, the strong, wild agony of love, which struggled for utterance, was obliged to be repressed, to be thrust back and trampled down beneath the feet of duty.

"I do not love you," again issued from her quivering lips. "Don't let us speak of it again. It will only give us pain; and the few days that are remaining to us should be filled with pleasant images that will give us both pleasure when—you are gone," she would have said; but the words died on her lips.

Drearily as she had spoken, and drearily as he had listened, there was too little romance and too much sound sense in 'Siah Willis's nature to parley longer with one who so strongly insisted upon not loving him. Without another word, he pressed her hand to his lips, and was soon lost to sight in the increasing darkness.

"Better so," murmured poor Katy, her eyes overflowing with tears. "What was I to him? He so brilliant, so clever, and so accomplished! I could never have been a companion for him—never! And he might have been sorry, and regretted marrying me; and that would have been much harder to bear! O yes, it is better as it is. But—what shall I do without him?" she cried out in uncontrollable anguish, as all the past association swept over her spirit with its flood of bitter memories. That cry, so bitter, so wild, caught the ear of Aunt Prudence, as she was passing by the door on some household errand.

"Why, Katy—Lille Katy! What is it, dear, and where is 'Siah? I thought he was here with you."

"It is all for the best, aunty. There, no more tears; I was not worthy of him—that's all. And he's not to marry; and he is going away; and—and—there never was anybody so miserable as I am!"

"Katy! what do you know of the miseries of other people? There are sorrows and griefs in the world before which this, your first sorrow, would fade into nothingness. *You* miserable!"

Aunt Prudence spoke with a rapid, impetuous enunciation, so unlike her usual methodical way that Katy was fain to look up in surprise through her tears.

"*You* talk of sorrow, Katy! You that from your birth have been guarded from every storm; you miserable? I tell you, Katy, all that you have ever known, or borne, or suffered, is not a single drop in the bucket to the great woe and the great grief that has come to—" She paused, wavered, and then went on: "That many a woman has borne in silence and despair."

"But he loves me; he is unhappy; he is going away; and yet I cannot marry him."

"Can you not *trust* him? Do anything but doubt. Distrust is a vile, miserable, ghastly passion, which brings about the very wrongs it suggests. Do anything but doubt, Katy."

The wildness had died out of the speaker's face, and taking Katy's hand, she retired to her rest, not forgetting to kneel down and pray for strength, which at this hour she was sorely needing.

While this scene was passing in the cottage of Aunt Prudence, a more passionate and stormy one was enacted in the handsome dwelling of Squire Willis. His noble boy, the pride and glory of his old age, had come to him with a heart full of love and tenderness, to plead with him for his influence with Lille Katy.

As I have before written, Squire Willis (as he was known the country round) was a noble-minded, upright and honorable man; yet, like all fathers of the past age, stern, uncompromising and authoritative, ruling his family with unbending authority, and never dreaming that one of the children of his heart could by possibility say "yes" when he said "no." That his children reverenced him, we need not add; and if his rule was more by fear than love, there was still a line of rectitude to which each and all looked up with a feeling of duty and affection—all but one. The pride of the family, the bravest, the best loved, the most promising. 'Siah felt the rein, and grew restive under such stern control.

He yielded to his father because, harsh as he was, he loved him; but when a wilder love took possession of his heart, he forgot the reverence which years of parental care had implanted in his nature, and for the first time in his life, gave vent to stormy rebellion. Passionate words, bitter recriminations followed each other in rapid gusts of passion, till exasperated beyond reason, the sturdy old farmer demanded him to leave Katy forever, or never cross his threshold again.

'Siah turned upon his heel without pausing for an answer; but there was no softening in his heart as he stood, as he believed, for the last time upon his own threshold. Not even the pale, frightened face of his mother, peering out like a ghost from the opposite door from where the final conference had been held, could melt that obdurate spirit of resistance which was swelling in his bosom. "Now or never," he thought. "I have been in leading-strings long enough. I am a man now, and he treats me as if I was a boy."

But spite of all, there was a desolate feeling in his heart, which made him press his mother warmly, in his farewell embrace.

"He drives me to it, mother. He exasperates me to it. I could have borne all his taunts if he had spared Katy."

"Ho is your father, 'Siah. You have done wrong. You should have respected his years, if not his counsel. Go walk, now; the moon is just rising. Walk and think."

"*Think!*" 'Siah turned with an impatient step to leave the house; but his mother's arm was around his neck! That mother! ever before so imbecile, so careless and thoughtless for his comfort. For the first time in her life, that worldly woman had awakened to the knowledge that there was something of more importance to be done in life, than to dress and visit. Her son, her first-born, noble boy; he, whose bright, quick genius and warm, generous nature had made him the boast of the village, was in grief—was in sorrow.

Forcing away with a determined hand the feeling of jealousy which the knowledge that another love than hers had power to move him, created, she again drew him within the shadows of the porch, and tried to reason him out of his obstinacy.

"A mother's love does not change with every wind that blows, my boy; trust to *me*. The only pure and real love the wild world knows. Think of it, 'Siah, and do not rashly cast it off. It is sent from God—a gift that you should fear to tamper with. What is the love of a poor, simple girl compared with it, 'Siah? Forget Katy, or, if you will, remember her kindly, but do not leave your home. In time, your father may consent to your marriage with her, and—"

"Never!" exclaimed a fierce voice at their side. "Never! Let him wed her if he chooses; let him choose between her and me; and let him never cross my threshold again till his mind is made up to do his duty, as a son should do!"

Duty! He had heard of it from his boyhood up. No act was to be the result of affection—everything *duty*. It was his father's creed, his watchword and his strength. Mistaken father! mistaken hundreds of parents, who chill the warmest sentiment of paternal affection in the bosom of their offspring by that hard word, *duty!* We don't think 'Siah was right to rebel against the authority of his father; but we *do* think, had Squire Willis wrnathed the chain of family discipline with the blossoms of sympathy and kindliness, his children would have yielded to its guidance with less feeling of insubordination.

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Long and long sweet Katy lay tossing and tumbling upon her little bed, listening to the sound snoring of Aunt Prudence, or looking out upon the still starlight which lay upon the quiet village. Our country hours are not city hours by many degrees of quietude. While the city is in its first flush of even-tide, our eastern homes are hushed, and our eastern children busy with their dreams!

Katy could not coax the spirit of slumber to her eyes. In vain she turned and twisted; in vain she beat up the pillows, as if Somnus had hidden there—even the soporific "five hundred," which she had counted backward, and which never before failed her as a sleeping potion, had lost its charm upon her eyelids. Now, indeed, she did lose herself in a troubled doze, just long enough to see 'Siah, her 'Siah, down on his knees before a beautiful creature, whose great, glorious eyes were beaming love upon him. She came out of this with a great start, which half awoke Aunt Prudence, who even in her sleep was not unmindful of her household affairs! Then she tried sitting up in bed for a spell; and finally, as the old kitchen clock went eight with its clamorous voice, she crept quietly out, dressed herself and wandered out into the garden, the fence of which only divided the great estate of Squire Willis from that of simple Aunt Prudence Mansfield. The little arbor at the foot of the garden was lying quite in shadow, or Lille Katy would have perceived the figure of a man reclining on one of the benches.

It is not the pleasantest thing in the world to be caught in tears, when one designs being especially self-possessed; and Lille Katy would have thrown herself with that great sob anywhere but into those extended arms, which were opened so pleadingly to receive her. It was too late to pretend indifference now. All the happiness of the past, with all the misery of the present, came rushing over her in that moment of self-abasement, and while she confessed her love, she assured him that no inducement would urge her to accept his hand in opposition to his father's will. "Honor thy father and thy mother" was one of her first lessons, and there was no impossibility so likely to become possible, as that Katy should forget that injunction.

"You have done wrong, 'Siah," she murmured. "You should not have angered your father. I do not blame him; I should only be a barrier in your path. Think of the great expectations your father has in store for you; think of the brilliant future before you! You would only throw yourself away upon poor simple me."

But 'Siah was evidently quite willing to throw himself away, and all her simple logic melted like dew before the sun, when opposed to the impulsive eloquence of her beseeching lover.

"He may change his mind yet," she went on, gladly catching at any ray of hope which chanced to offer itself. "He may yet give his consent."

"*He* change his mind! Why, Katy, you might as well expect the great rock yonder, looking so grim and black in the moonlight, to change, as to expect my father to alter his mind. No, Katy, no! If you love me, you will never send me out into the world aimless, objectless, and unguarded. Go with me, and I can endure anything; send me out alone, and I will not be responsible for the wreck which may come to my future life."

Still she sat meekly, trembling, within the clasp of her lover's arm.

"You do not love me—you cannot love me! 'Love sacrifices all things to bless the thing it loves.' Katy, I have been frozen to death in the cold atmosphere of home. I cannot live without love—deep and exclusive love! It is my nature, the requisite of my whole existence. I have seen and envied those who could portion out their love, a little here and a little there. I cannot do it. I yearned for affection; I sought it at your hands; my whole being depends upon its success. Love me, and there is not a task I cannot accomplish, not an ambition I cannot achieve! Banish me, and there is no bar to the miseries, the sorrows, and the temptations which I may yield to!"

Poor Katy! poor Katy! She only looked up more tearfully into her lover's face, and curried his hand to her lips in a kind of pleading, earnest appeal that he would save himself from such a miserable fate.

"Only you can do it, Katy," he went on. "My love does not lie so near the surface that when one impression dies out, another takes its place. O, Katy, there are those in the world who would think it beneath their dignity so to plead and so to be repulsed. Say you will be mine, and you will be proud of me yet, Katy. You cannot know, you cannot believe, the incentive to great deeds and noble achievements your sweet companionship would be to me! Say you will be my wife!"

"I cannot, I cannot, I *dare* not, 'Siah!" and with a fresh burst of tears she turned from her lover and fled into—she outstretched arms of the repentant father!

"Good girl! Good Katy! There, don't cry now, don't cry, it's all over, don't cry," and he wiped Katy's eyes with a handkerchief, which was ten times as much needed in the vicinity of his own eyes. "I've been a harsh father, Katy. I've thought it all over. I've had a vision, and that vision showed me my poor boy alone, neglected, and among strangers. Then, as I couldn't stay in the house, I wandered out into the garden, and somehow I got through the gate over here; and then hearing voices, I couldn't help listening, and I heard you trying to make excuses for the old man, which he did not deserve; and so I determined to tell you at once, that the wedding might come off as soon as you please, and that there is a room in the Squire's house for Aunt Prudence, and a kennel in the porch for Juno; and God bless you for opening my eyes, and giving me a clearer vision before it was too late!"

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Perhaps Aunt Prudence didn't jump when Katy awoke her with a kiss that night; and perhaps she didn't open her eyes when she told her about the wedding fixings; and perhaps there was any sleep in either of the dwellings that night; and perhaps the aristocratic portion of the village didn't make the astonishing discovery that Josiah Willis (his whole name, as it stood on the register) was a very foolish young man; and perhaps there was ever another such a splendid wedding in our village (or such a handsome bridegroom, or such a sweet bride) as came off some three months after the above mentioned events transpired.

That was years and years ago. The city of Washington, last winter, was ringing with the praises of an orator from the Eastern States, had hidden there—even the soporific "five hundred," which she had counted backward, and which never before failed her as a sleeping potion, had lost its charm upon her eyelids. Now, indeed, she did lose herself in a troubled doze, just long enough to see 'Siah, her 'Siah, down on his knees before a beautiful creature, whose great, glorious eyes were beaming love upon him. She came out of this with a great start, which half awoke Aunt Prudence, who even in her sleep was not unmindful of her household affairs! Then she tried sitting up in bed for a spell; and finally, as the old kitchen clock went eight with its clamorous voice, she crept quietly out, dressed herself and wandered out into the garden, the fence of which only divided the great estate of Squire Willis from that of simple Aunt Prudence Mansfield. The little arbor at the foot of the garden was lying quite in shadow, or Lille Katy would have perceived the figure of a man reclining on one of the benches.

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That was years and years ago. The city of Washington, last winter, was ringing with the praises of an orator from the Eastern States, whose brilliant and impressive eloquence had quite captivated the multitude.

"*That* is Mr. And Mrs. ——— was the running murmur, as a brave, manly gentleman entered the parlor with a lady on his arm to go to Washington to strike our c "made great eyes" at them in all the rest. They took it easy, looking neither to the right What was it in that sweet, innocent captivated so? Not its extreme tainly; for I saw every day more More than once our eyes met wi questioning glance, each time forc resolution not to be so rude in my But the more I resolved the mo word, and the more frequently I d as earnest an investigation. The of that beautiful head! the sunny g mischievous eye! Only one person could own them—Lille Katy! It flash of lightning upon the dark ch ery—Lille Katy!

There were no more ceremoni that! The heart dictates its own ties, and we quite forget to be eve We had parted school girls; we Appropriating one of those luxur we dived our heads away down int house of memory; and if we came many tears as smiles upon our lips eyes, it was a healthful season for u wiser and better for what we found with her to her room, and there we dence, just as stiff, just as formal precise as ever. In answer to my how she liked fashionable life, she s mind, hunting hens' nests was rath itable." Then Katy showed me he ful boys; and we shed a tear or memory of her dead baby; "such gel," she said.

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### BOOK-LEARNED DOCTO

The following dialogue occurred a State not two thousand miles fro land. A quack doctor, of the The der, was called to the stand as a after he had testified to having ma visit," the prosecuting attorney begi examination, thus:

"Mr. Doctor, to what school of you belong?"

"I don't belong to any school. to any school in my life, I thank yo

"But that is not quite what I wa I mean, sir, to what school of medi belong?"

"I tell you, sir, I never went to m medicine or practice, or anything el nature makes a doctor. I am a sev and didn't need to go to any school.

"Well, well, what system of medi practise? That is, what kind of you give?"

"O, that's what you want, is i give the Brutanic medicine always, whose."

"The Brutanic? You mean the tem, don't you?"

"No, sir, the Brutanic, I say."

"Now will you tell me how much for a nocturnal visit?"

"Sir," (very indignantly), "I don such stuff. I practise as I told Brutanic system, and I'll have you u to understand I don't give any such that horrid stuff!"

No more questions were asked.—*I Schoolmaster.*

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### WOULD HAVE THE REA

Mr. John Roe, not long ago, pr shopmate, Robert Lotid, for assault While the complainant was under the following colloquy took place b and the defendant's counsel:

"Did you not call my client here, ant, a fool?"

"I did."

"Why did you, sir?"

"I decline to answer that questio

"Why do you decline to answer peal to the court to punish you for mary. You ought to be fined fi I'll let you know that you can't call fool without giving your reasons."

"I don't know that my reasons ha to do with the case."

"I'll let you know they have. the question."

"Well, if I must, I must. I said he was a fool, because he didn't t than to hire such a chucklehead as fend him."

The counsel dropped the witness, question of contempt pass.—*N. Y.*

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### PATCHOULY AS A PERFU

The origin of this celebrated per scribed by an author as "curious years ago from India by some gent price, and purchasers could al gnish them by their odor; in fact the turned in patchouly. The French ers had for some time successfully Indian fabric, but could not impo At length they discovered the secret to import the plant to perfume arti make, and thus palm off homespun real Indian. From this origin th have brought it into use. Patchou extensively used for scenting drawe linen is kept; for this purpose it is l der the leaves and put them into m covered with silk, after the manner fashioned lavendar bag. In this sta efficacious in preventing the clothes attacked by moths."—*Essex Register.*

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### WHICH IS THE WEAKER S

Females are called the weaker se If they are not strong, who is? must wrap themselves in thick gar crease the whole in a stout overcoat, the cold, women in thin silk dresse and shoulders bare, or nearly so, s perfectly comfortable! When men proof boots over woolen hose, and whole in India rubber to keep them ing, women wear thin silk hose and and pretend not to feel the cold. cover their heads with furs, and the of the severity of the weather, wom apology for a bonnet at the back of And more, walk about in northeast Snowing not to suffer at all.—*Table T*

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Which is the best way to make Why, make the vest and trowsers fr

the parlor with a lady on his arm. We didn't go to Washington to stifle our curiosity, so we "made great eyes" at them in common with all the rest. They took it easy—all that staring,—looking neither to the right nor the left. What was it in that sweet, innocent face that captivated so? Not its extreme beauty, certainly; for I saw every day more beautiful ones. More than once our eyes met with an earnest, questioning glance, each time forcing from me a resolution not to be so rude in my gazing again. But the more I resolved the more I broke my word, and the more frequently I detected her in as earnest an investigation. The graceful bend of that beautiful head! the sunny glance of that mischievous eye! Only one person in the world could own them—Lille Katy! It burst like a flash of lightning upon the dark cloud of memory—Lille Katy!

There were no more ceremonies, be sure of that! The heart dictates its own conventionalities, and we quite forgot to be even *fashionable*. We had parted school girls; we met, *women*. Appropriating one of those luxurious lounges, we dived our heads away down into the treasure-house of memory; and if we came back with as many tears as smiles upon our lips, and in our eyes, it was a healthful season for us, and left us wiser and better for what we found there. I went with her to her room, and there was Aunt Prudence, just as stiff, just as formal, and just as precise as ever. In answer to my question, of how she liked fashionable life, she said, "To her mind, hunting hens' nests was rather more profitable." Then Katy showed me her two beautiful boys; and we shed a tear or two over the memory of her dead baby; "such a little angel," she said.

I shall never see Lille Katy again; for the name of a stirring and thrilling orator comes ever and anon across the bounding billows, and Katy is his pride. I don't know either, how I came to make a story of her, unless it was in the illustration of a beautiful character. That must have been it. I wanted an ideal of a glorious woman, and my ideal is Lille Katy. Do you like her, reader?

### BOOK-LEARNED DOCTORS.

The following dialogue occurred in a court in a State not two thousand miles from New England. A quack doctor, of the Thomsonian order, was called to the stand as a witness, and after he had testified to having made a "night visit," the prosecuting attorney began the cross-examination, thus:

"Mr. Doctor, to what school of practice do you belong?"

"I don't belong to any school. I never went to any school in my life, I thank you."

"But that is not quite what I want to know. I mean, sir, to what school of medicine do you belong?"

"I tell you, sir, I never went to any school of medicine or practice, or anything else. I believe nature makes a doctor. I am a seventh son, sir, and didn't go to any school."

"Well, well, what system of medicine do you practise? That is, what kind of medicine do you give?"

"O, that's what you want, is it? Why, I give the Brutanic medicine always, and everywhere."

"The Brutanic? You mean the Botanic system, don't you?"

"No, sir, the Brutanic, I say."

"Now we will you tell me how much you charge for a nocturnal visit?"

"Sir," (very indignantly), "I don't give any such medicine. I practise as I told you, to the Brutanic system, and I'll have you and this court to understand I don't give any such medicine as that horrid stuff!"

No more questions were asked.—*Rhode Island Schoolmaster.*

### WOULD HAVE THE REASON.

Mr. John Roe, not long ago, prosecuted his shopmate, Robert Lond, for assault and battery. While the witness was under examination, the following colloquy took place between him and the defendant's counsel:

"Did you not call my client here, and defendant, a fool?"

"I did."

"Why did you, sir?"

"I decline to answer that question."

"Why do you decline to answer it? I'll appeal to the court to punish you for your contumacy. You ought to be fined for contempt. I'll let you know that you can't call my client a fool without giving your reasons."

"I don't know that my reasons have anything to do with the case."

"I'll let you know they have. Now answer the question."

"Well, if I must, I must. I said I thought he was a fool, because he didn't know better than to hire such a chucklehead as you to defend him."

The counsel dropped the witness, and let the question of contempt pass.—*N. Y. Picayune.*

### PATCHOULY AS A PERFUME.

The origin of this celebrated perfume, is described by an author as "curious:" "A few years ago real Indian shawls bore an extravagant price, and purchasers could always distinguish them by their odor; in fact they were perfumed in patchouly. The French manufacturers had for some time successfully imitated the Indian fabric, but could not impart the odor. At length they discovered the secret, and began to import the plant to perfume articles of their make, and thus palm off homespun shawls as real Indian. From this origin the perfumers have brought it into use. Patchouly herb is extensively used for scenting drawers in which linen is kept; for this purpose it is best to powder the leaves and put them into muslin sacks, covered with silk, after the manner of the old-fashioned lavendar bag. In this state it is very efficacious in preventing the clothes from being attacked by moths."—*Essex Register.*

### WHICH IS THE WEAKER SEX?

Females are called the weaker sex, but why? If they are not strong, who is? When men must wrap themselves in thick garments, and encase the whole in a stout overcoat to shut out the cold, women in thin silk dresses, with neck and shoulders bare, or nearly so, say they are perfectly comfortable! When men wear waterproof boots over woolen hose, and encase the whole in India rubber to keep them from freezing, women wear thin silk hose and cloth shoes, and pretend not to feel the cold. When men cover their heads with furs, and then complain of the severity of the weather, women hang an apology for a bonnet at the back of their heads, and take or walk about in northeast winds, professing not to suffer at all.—*Table Talk.*

Which is the best way to make a coat last? Why, make the vest and trowsers first.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## THE MUSIC OF LIFE.

BY HATTIE HERBERT.

Sometimes low and soft it comes,
A gentle, soothing strain,
To raise the drooping spirit's wing
For its heaven-ward flight again.

Anon, 'tis a joyous song of praise,
Resounding full and clear,
And freighted with life's brightest hopes,
Undimmed by the falling tear.

But ah, too oft 'tis a mournful dirge,
O'er the wayward human heart,
Tempest-tossed on the waves: f sin,
Beguiled by the tempter's art.

And then, perchance, the music tone
Is almost lost in strife—
The discord harsh, the tumult fierce,
Has seemed to quench its life.

But 'tis not gone—its echoes still
Are thrilling in each heart—
And not until its latest beat,
Will that soft strain depart.

Then listen to its gentle song,
That fain would welcome back
The wanderer in sinful paths,
To virtue's shining track.

And then in harmony and peace,
Like the circling worlds above,
We'll glide along to the music tones
Of joy and heavenly love.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## THE DUEL ON THE CLIFF.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

Sir William Overton's estate was near Sidmouth, in Devonshire, and upon the coast, the waters of the English Channel washing the foot of his park. The baronet was now fifty years of age, and had removed from the toil and bustle of political life, to the quiet retreat of the home of his ancestors. He had one son in India, an officer in the army there; and his only other child was with him at home, a daughter named Kate. She was in her twentieth year, and was among those few English beauties of gentle birth, who cared more for substance than for show, and who took the world for just what it would weigh in the moral scale. Of course, such a girl received the homage of many, and when we consider that she was an heiress in her own right to an immense fortune, we may suppose that many suitors were at her feet.

But there was one who never knelt, and Kate prized him the more highly for it. This was Augustin Ringwood, a young man of four-and-twenty years, who had been brought up in the neighborhood of the hall, and who had known Kate from childhood. His father had been a trader in Sidmouth, and had managed to give his son a liberal education. Augustin had visited Italy, and there taken lessons in painting, and he had now returned to his native land, to earn a livelihood by the profession he had adopted. Some of his pictures had already gained generous criticism from those competent to judge in such matters, and the way was open to affluence, for his productions would sell as fast as he could produce them. He selected his subjects from the home scenes of Old England, and people loved them. The youthful artist was slight in frame, though not effeminately so, and from the intensity of his studies he had become pale and thin; but the genial air of his native home was beginning to bring the bloom back to his cheeks.

We cannot wonder that Kate Overton loved this noble youth, for his every look was kind and noble, and then there was an intellectual look about his high, open brow, and his large, dark eyes, and the glossy curls of brown that clustered about his temples, that added much to his beauty for the eye of the noble woman.

But Sir William looked not kindly upon the poor artist. He only knew that he was of plebeian birth, and quite a bright and upright lad. Yet the baronet meant that his child should marry, and to that end he had favored the suit of Geryon Boothby. He was the son of Sir Thomas Boothby, and supposed to be very wealthy. He was thirty years of age—a gross, sensual looking man to one of very fine discernment, though he passed in the world for a fine, dashing fellow. Even Sir William did not pretend that Geryon was a very moral man, but he was heir to a handsome property, and would come to a baronetcy one of these days.

The old baronet did not think of forcing Kate into marriage, but she knew that he would be very much offended if she cast off Geryon Boothby, hence she passed many unhappy hours. She knew that her father did not wholly know the man he had brought to be her husband; but then she could only speak from what she saw upon his countenance, and that would not be evidence with her father.

Geryon came down to spend a few weeks, and he was not long in discovering that Kate's heart was pre-occupied; and ere long, too, he discovered who occupied it. When he found that a poor artist was his rival, and that this rival was chosen in preference to himself, he not only felt chagrined, but he felt angry; and those who knew Geryon Boothby best, knew that he never hesitated to carry out any scheme of revenge from conscientious scruples.

One day, when Sir William and Geryon had gone out upon a sailing expedition, Augustin Ringwood called at the hall. He found Kate in the garden, and together they walked about the place.

"Kate," the youth said, after a thousand meaningless things had been said, "I suppose I must leave you. It is hard to think that one's heart must be crushed because somebody in the generation which has passed away did not happen to get knighted, or something of that sort. The time was when I even fancied that my father's honor of soul might speak in my favor; and then I hoped that some day I might call you mine. Ah, Kate, you never—no I will not say that—but I hope you may find a husband who shall love you as I have loved."

The fair girl looked up into her companion's face, and while the warm tears started forth, she said:

"It must not be so. O, I have sometimes thought that I could calmly submit to the wish of my father; but how can I? How can I give up all of love I can ever feel, and form a heartless, soulless union with one whom I—I—believe not worthy the love of any virtuous female! But, Augustin," Kate continued, speaking as though a new thought had suddenly come to her mind, "you once spoke of Geryon Boothby as though you knew something against him. What is it?"

"Hark! Who is that?" Augustin asked, looking quickly around. They were standing by an artificial lakelet, and behind them was a thick hedge of primroses.

"I heard nothing. It may be some of the rabbits."

"So it might. But press me not on the point you have mentioned. When I made the remark to which you allude, I did not imagine that you ever were to sustain intimate relation with the man."

"Yet I would know, Augustin; and if you love me, you will tell me."

"Ah, you know my love."

"So I know your truth. Now tell me what I ask."

"If you command me."

"I do command," uttered Kate, smiling.

"Then I alluded to Boothby's gambling habits."

"Ha. And is he a gamester?"

"A confirmed one, I fear. Last winter he lost a fortune in the metropolis; and he follows it with a passion that must in the end ruin him. He has even borrowed money to gamble upon, and I know that once he pawned his watch—"

"*Liar!*" hissed a hoarse voice close by him; and on looking up, he saw Geryon Boothby. It was the first time Boothby had ever seen the young artist to know who he was.

Kate uttered a low, quick cry of alarm, and in the terror of the moment she caught Augustin by the arm and would have dragged him away, but the new comer interfered.

"Dog!" he hissed, his eyes flashing with a mad fire, "how dare you speak such falsehoods concerning me?"

"I have spoken no falsehood, sir," calmly returned the youth.

"The basest, meanest falsehood, thou lying villain! By heavens, I have a mind to chastise thee—to whip thee as I would a dog!"

"In heaven's name, gentlemen, let there be no quarrel here," implored Kate, rushing between the two men.

"Villain, in the presence of a lady I spare you; but I have not done with you. Get you gone from here ere I send the servants to kick you out!" Thus spoke Boothby, and then turning to Kate, he added:

"Come, lady, I will conduct thee to a place more befitting thy station than the companionship of this fellow!"

With a bursting heart Kate followed Boothby from the spot, and as soon as she was out of sight, Augustin turned and walked from the garden. It would be useless to attempt to analyze his feelings, but after all there was but one bitter, burning thought that could hold his mind, and that was a deep, crushing shame of soul at the treatment he had been forced to put up with. He knew Geryon Boothby was a coward, but his frame was stout, stocky, and powerful, and he was only a physical bully.

Between Kate and her conductor not a word was spoken on the way to the house, and when they had arrived there Boothby went at once to seek the baronet, whom he found in his library. Now the old man was not yet free from the heat of the turf, and the odor of sport was fresh upon him. He had been one of those dashing, dare-devil fellows, and even now he loved to be counted on as one, when fortune threw him in the company of those who served Bacchus and his host. So we may suppose that when he heard his companion's story, he was very wrathy.

"The villain! The sneaking, lying dog!" he cried—perhaps a bottle or two of wine helped his passion somewhat. "And does he think with such foul means to win my Kate? By Bacchby, Geryon, you must shoot the fellow!"

"But is he worth shooting at?" the younger man asked.

"O, yes. He occupies a good station in society, and numbers many of our nobility among his friends. He's poor as Job's cat, but then he is respectable. Shoot him. Call him out, and then you'll have no more trouble from him."

"But will he accept?"

"And suppose he don't—it's better still. He wouldn't dare to hold up his head about here after that."

"It seems a pity to shoot so pretty a boy, but, egad, I believe I must do it."

So that very evening a challenge was sent to the young artist, and an answer was immediately returned.

"What is it?" asked Overton, as the servant withdrew.

"Let's see," returned Boothby, opening the note. "He's dated it all right—and he writes a fair hand, too—"

"Handles a pen better than a pistol, I take it. But let's hear it."

"Egad, he accepts. Listen:

"'Geryon Boothby, your note is received. I will meet you to-morrow morning, at any hour you please, upon the great cliff. You mention pistols; so pistols be it. I will bring my own.

'Yours and so on, Augustin Ringwood.'

"Ha, ha, he'll sleep calmly enough to-morrow night."

"And then he'll trouble us no more. By the host, he's turned Kate well near crazy."

"I wonder if he's any relation of the Ringwood that used to stop at the old Red Tavern on Tiffon Street, last winter?"

"I don't know—guess not," returned the baronet.

After this, Boothby went in search of his servant, and having found him he ordered him to clean his pistols.

"I faith, sir," said the man, who was a burly Cockney, "but ye've got a good 'un to fight with."

"Eh? d'ye know him, Tom?"

"Know 'Gustin Ringwood? An' doesn't heverybody hin Lunnun know 'im? Hitn't he the greatest shot hin Hengland? Didn't Garvey McTamaston say so?"

"But this isn't the Ringwood that stopped at the old Red Tavern, Tom?"

"Yes it be, the hidentical Ringwood. But ye must get yer first fire, sir, an' I ken do that for ye. I've got a ha'penny with *lonly* two 'eads. I'll toss hup, hand you shall say first. D'ye mind?"

Boothby said he would see in the morning, and then he walked away. He was not so happy now. In fact a mortal fear began to seize him. He called himself just a moderate shot, but for a good shot he had not the first qualification. He was too gross—too physical—for anything fine or artful. And he knew now that he had one of the best shots in the kingdom to fight with. He had heard of Ringwood the winter before, but he had never seen him till now. He had heard his praise as a marksman in every one's mouth; and once he had been up into a pistol gallery where the owner kept one of Ringwood's targets for a show. It was a circle, six inches in diameter, within which was a six-pointed star, the points touching the circumference of the circle. There were seven balls through the target; one at each point, and one directly in the centre, as true and systematic as could have been done with an auger. And this was done at a distance of fifteen yards! This Boothby had seen, and now he was to run the risk of being shot at by the same man!

On the following morning Geryon Boothby arose, looking pale and haggard. He was a real coward when fear was upon him, but a perfect bull when he had nothing to be afraid of. He could kick and cuff his servants, and many a battle had he fought in drunken rows, where nothing more dangerous than fists were used. But he swallowed a goodly portion of brandy, and after a while he managed to screw up his courage. He called Tom to his room, and told him to be sure and have his double-headed half-penny on the ground.

The baronet was up betimes, and after a visit to his wine cellar, he was as cheerful as could be. He anticipated nothing but sport. He had allowed his mind to dwell only upon the probability of getting rid of a troublesome neighbor. He did not think much about the killing part; he believed Geryon to be a noble-hearted fellow, and the thought that a man should creep into his garden, and pour out such a mess of infamous falsehood about the intended husband of his child, made him mad. In fact, he only felt like crushing "the viper," as he called Ringwood, beneath his feet. His prejudices were like mountains upon his soul.

Word had been sent to Augustin that the meeting should take place at seven o'clock, and at half-past six Geryon Boothby set out, accompanied by his man Tom, and the baronet. The Cliff was a high, abrupt promontory which overlooked the Channel, and about a mile distant from the hall. The path led up through a thick wood of oak, and was beautiful in scenery, a picturesque view of the sparkling waters of the Channel every now and then breaking upon the sight through the dappled frames of heavy foliage.

When they reached the top of the cliff they found Ringwood already there, with a single companion—this companion being no less a personage than Sir Robert Paine, a gentleman of known purity and honor, and of more than ordinary influence. Augustin had made his acquaintance in Italy, and had since retained his warm friendship. Sir Robert happened to be stopping at Sidmouth, and thus had the youth happily found him.

The presence of Sir Robert began to put a new light upon the matter, in Overton's estimation, for he respected that gentleman for his high and honorable standing, as well as for his vast wealth. The two baronets shook hands; talked awhile on other matters, and finally began to arrange for the duel. Of its origin they spoke not a word, for Paine despised Boothby as much as Overton regarded Ringwood.

"How shall we arrange for the fire?" asked the seconds.

"Toss up!" uttered Geryon, nervously.

Augustin was appealed to, and he consented at once.

"Here, Tom," said Overton, having been thus far instructed by his companion, "you shall toss up."

"I call for *lead!*" said Boothby. Ringwood nodded assent, and Tom tossed up his half-penny. Of course it was head. Both the combatants chose to use their own weapons, and the ground was paced off, fourteen paces having been decided upon. Boothby had first asked for only ten paces, and then for twelve, for he knew he should have the first fire, and also that half-a-dozen paces would make no odds to his enemy. But the seconds arranged that. The young men took their places, facing each other. Sir William took out his watch—he was to count once a second,—at the word *one*, the pistol was in readiness; at *two*, it was to be raised; and at *three*, fired.

Sir William began to count. Ringwood stood with his arms by his side, as calm as a sleeping child. "One—Two—Three!" The report of Boothby's pistol rang out loud and clear, but his antagonist was not touched!

Augustin Ringwood now cocked his pistol, and for a moment he gazed upon the man before him with more of pity than contempt.

"Geryon Boothby," he said, in a tone the very calmness of which was startling, "there is not a button on your coat that I could not strike off at will. I shall aim at your heart, and I shall hit it if I fire. But I wish not to kill you. Acknowledge here, before these witnesses, that in all I said to Kate Overton in your hearing, I spoke the truth, and I will spare you."

Boothby trembled like a leaf, and his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. A few moments before, Sir William would have answered quickly to this; but there was something in the calm nobility of the young artist's face, that moved him, especially when he compared in with the look of *his friend*.

"Count!" said the youth, as Boothby made no answer.

"One—Two—"

At this instant, when Ringwood's pistol was raised, the coward quailed.

"Stop!—Don't fire!" he gasped. "You *told the truth!*"

"Sir Robert," spoke the youth, dropping the muzzle of his pistol and turning to his second, "we will go now."

And without another word they started. An instant Sir William stood like one thunderstruck, and then, starting up from the load that was upon him, he cried:

"*Sir Robert! Sir Robert!* Hold on. By heavens! *I go with your party!*"

When the trio reached the hall, Sir William Overton made his companions stop. When he reached the drawing-room he called his daughter. She came, and a cry of joy escaped her lips when she saw Augustin safe.

"Kate," he said, in a broken tone of voice, "I will never attempt to make choice of a husband for anybody again. And as for you, Augustin, if I have been harsh heretofore, let me give you a balm for all the wounds I have caused your heart. Take Kate off out of our way, and—and keep her as long as you choose!"

An hour afterwards Geryon Boothby came down and entered the hall, but the host was "not at home." So he took his few articles of clothing, and in a few minutes more he had mounted his horse and ridden off.

And the coward suitor never came to Devonshire again. Sir Robert Paine remained at the hall long enough to see his youthful friend united to Kate Overton in those bonds which death alone can sever, and then he took his leave. But he left a happy household behind him, for even the old baronet had come to love the young artist for the noble and virtuous qualities he had found in him. And as for Kate, her husband never had to look beyond her face did he want the subject for a happy smile.

### DO BEASTS LIKE MUSIC?

Being in the country one day, I had a mind to see whether beasts, as it is commonly said of them, take pleasure in music. Whilst my companion was playing upon an instrument, I considered attentively a cat, a dog, a horse, an ass, a hind, some cows, some little birds, and a cock and hens in the court below the window where we stood. The cat paid no regard to the music, and, to judge from his physiognomy, he would have given all the symphonics in the world for one mouse, he stretched himself out in the sun and went to sleep. The horse stopped short before the window, and as he was grazing, he raised his head from time to time. The dog sat down like a monkey, fixing his eyes steadfastly on the musician, and continued a long time in the same posture. The ass took no notice at all of us, munching his thistles demurely. The hind set up her large broad ears, and seemed exceedingly attentive. The cows gave us a look, and then marched off. The little birds in a cage, and in the trees, strained their throats and sung with the utmost eagerness, whilst the cock minded nothing but the hens, and the hens busied themselves in scratching the dunghill. —*Vigneul Marville.*

### SCIENTIFIC OPERATIONS IN RUSSIA.

The Washington Star learns, through the Smithsonian Institution, that there are now six thousand miles of telegraph wire erected in Russia, all of which are continually used for the transmission of telegraphic despatches. The war has by no means impeded the progress of scientific pursuits. During the last year a numerous party started for the exploration of Eastern Siberia; another party was sent to the steppes of the Kirghis; a third was deputed to fix the exact geographical positions of a number of points in or near the Ural Mountains, to form a base for the construction of an exact topographical map of the vast districts of mines in that part of Russia; a fourth expedition, with forty chronometers, has to join first Moscow with Saratow, and this latter town with Astrachan; and finally the great trigonometrical operations in the southern part of Russia and the Trans-Caucasian provinces, are carried on without the least interruption.—*Atlas.*


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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### COME TO THE VALLEY, LOVE.

I know a spot in a quiet vale,
Where the sweet wild-rose delights to blow,
'Tis haunted by the nightingale,
Whose voice like a dream through the night does flow;
'Tis said, that the fairies long ago
Made of this lovely spot their home,
And now the fairest of flowers grow
Where most their gentle steps did roam.

Then come with me, my love, and live
Afar from the world in this quiet spot,
For there by the side of the sparkling stream
Springs wild the sweet forget-me-not,
And there I will build a rural cot,
And wreathe it with roses and violets rare,
And your sweet words shall lure the birds
To sing their summer anthems there.

The lovely lily-of-the-vale
Shall emblem there your innocence,
The aspiring ivy's spreading pride
Be emblem of my bold pretence;
The streamlet's flow shall image forth
The smooth career of our love,
And round our cot an emblem sweet
Shall build the gentle turtle dove.

There, when the Spring doth build her bowers
Of beauty, we will sit and gaze;
When Summer comes, with her glorious flowers,
We'll welcome there her fullest blaze;
In autumn's lustiness we'll roam,
Where the eagle soars o'er the silent lake,
In winter, sit in our quiet home,
And books our sole companions make.

Then come to the valley, love, with me,
And the wild birds will forget their fear,
And build their nests in our shading tree,
And pour their spirit-music near;
And the flowers will bloom with a sweeter smile,
To meet the glances of your eye,
And our love will gain new strength the while,
In the placid joy of earth and sky.

[Translated from the French for The Flag of our Union.]

## THE UNCLE FROM AMERICA.

BY DELIA E. WARD.

About the commencement of the present century, Dieppe had already lost much of its importance; yet the grandeur and extent of its maritime expeditions even then would never be suspected from the limited commerce of to-day. The period of fabulous fortunes had not so wholly passed away but that there was seen, from time to time, returning from remote countries, some one of those unexpected millionaires so much misused by the theatres; and one might yet, without an excess of naiveté, believe in the reality of uncles from America. In fact, there was to be seen at Dieppe more than one merchant, whose ships now filled the harbor, that had departed from it some twenty years before in a simple sailor's jacket.

These examples were an encouragement for the enterprising, and a perpetual hope for the disinherited. They rendered the improbable possible, and the impossible probable. The unfortunate consoled themselves for the reality of their situations by hoping for a miracle. This miracle seemed very near being accomplished to a poor family in the little village of Omonville, situated at four leagues from Dieppe. The widow Mauvaire had experienced many severe afflictions. Her eldest son, the true supporter of the family, had died by a shipwreck, leaving four children to the care of the old lady. This misfortune had hindered, and, perhaps, broken the engagement of her daughter Clemence, and, at the same time, deranged the plans of her son Martin, who had been obliged to quit his unfinished studies in order to undertake his part in the labor of the farm.

But in the midst of the disquiet and dejection of this poor family, a ray of hope suddenly beamed upon them. A letter, written from Dieppe, announced the return of a brother-in-law of the widow, who had been absent for twenty years. Uncle Bruno had returned "with some curiosities from the new world"—so he himself said, and with the resolution to establish himself at Dieppe. His letter had been, since the previous day, the sole object of their thoughts. Whilst it contained no particulars, the son Martin had yet been able to detect, as he read it, the style of a man so free and good-humored, that he could not fail to have made himself rich. Evidently the mariner had returned with some tons of crowns which he would not refuse to share with his family. Once upon the road, imagination travels quickly. Each one added his suppositions to those of Martin. Even Julienne, the young peasant girl, who had been reared by the widow, and who lived at the farm, but less as a servant than as an adopted relation, began to imagine to herself what this uncle from America would be able to give her.

"I shall ask him for a cloth mantle and a golden cross," said she, after a new reading of the epistle, which Martin had performed aloud for the mutual benefit.

"Ah!" said the widow, sighing, "if my poor Didier had lived, he now would have found a protector."

"There are always his children, Marraine," observed the young woman, "without counting Mademoiselle Clemence, who would not refuse a 'dot.'"

"What should I do with it?" said Clemence, sadly.

"Do with it?" repeated Julienne; "what but cause the relations of Monsieur Marc to hold their tongues. They have made a fine piece of business sending their son to sea, in order to hinder the marriage. If Uncle Bruno wishes it, behold, the lover returns instantly."

"It were well to know first if he wishes to come back," interrupted the young girl, in a tremulous voice.

"Ah—well! if it is not he, thou wilt soon find another," said Martin, who viewed only the marriage of his sister, while she thought only of her lover. "With an uncle from America, one can always find a good alliance. Who knows, even, if he may not have accompanying him some millionaire, whom he would wish to make his nephew?"

"O, I hope not!" cried Clemence, with affright. "Surely nothing urges my marriage."

"That which is most urgent," said the widow, in a tone of dejection, "is to find a place for thy brother."

"Monsieur the count has always given me hope that I should receive the situation of agent and receiver for his farms," replied Martin, encouragingly.

"But he does not decide," answered the old lady; "and while he waits, time passes and the grain wastes away. These great lords know nothing of that; their minds are wholly upon pleasure, and when they recall the promised morsel of bread, you are already dead of hunger."

"We shall no more have that to fear, with the friendship of Uncle Bruno," said Martin; "there is nothing here to deceive us. His letter says, 'I shall arrive to-morrow at Omonville, *with all that I possess*.' This signifies that we are not forgotten."

"He ought to be coming now," interrupted the widow; "he may arrive any instant. Have you well prepared everything, Clemence?"

The young girl arose and opened the cupboard, showing it, garnished with an abundance quite unusual. Near by a leg of mutton, which was just drawn from the oven, reposed an enormous flitch of smoking bacon, flanked by two plates of wheaten buns and a bowl of sweet cream. Several pots of prime cider completed this display, which caused the children to shout with a mingling of admiration and hungry longing. Julienne had spoken, moreover, for an apple pudding, with butter sauce, which now stood simmering near the fire.

The widow then chose from her closet a linen cloth and napkins yellow for want of use. The young servant took from among the dishes some plates that were the least battered, and commenced to lay the table by placing at the upper end the only silver spoon which the family possessed. These preparations were just finished when the children, who had been out-doors watching, rushed into the house, crying out:

"Look! look!"

"What is it?" was asked from all sides.

"Aha! *parbleu!* Uncle Bruno!" replied a strong, jovial voice.

The whole family turned to look. Upon the threshold stood a sailor, framed in the gap he had made by suddenly opening the door; he held on his right finger a green parrot, and in his left hand a middling-sized ape. The frightened little ones saved themselves in their grandmother's lap, who herself could hardly restrain a cry. Martin, Clemence and the servant looked at him, perfectly stupefied.

"How is this? Are you afraid of my menagerie?" called out Bruno, smiling. "Come on, good people, take heart and let us embrace; I have come three thousand miles for that very purpose."

Martin first hazarded the attempt; then came Clemence, the widow, and the largest of his grandchildren; but nothing would influence either the little boy or girl to approach him. Bruno indemnified himself for this loss, however, by embracing Julienne.

"By my faith! I began to think I should never arrive here," said he. "Do you know, mother Mauvaire, it is a good stretch to run from Dieppe to your house?"

Martin here observed that the shoes of the sailor were all covered with dust.

"Is it possible, Uncle Bruno, that you have come on foot?" he asked, in surprise.

"*Pardieu!* Would you have me come over your corn-fields here in a boat?" gaily replied the sailor.

Martin turned towards the door:

"But—the baggage?" he ventured to suggest.

"My baggage I have upon me," said Bruno. "A sailor, my little one, needs no wardrobe but a pipe and a night cap."

The widow and children looked at each other.

"But," objected the boy, "after reading my uncle's letter, I had believed—"

"What then?—that I should arrive in a three-decker?"

"No," replied Martin, who forced himself to smile pleasantly; "but with your trunks, for a long stay, because you had made us hope you would remain for a long time."

"Me?"

"The proof, here it is, that you said, 'with all that you possessed.'"

"Aha! well—behold all that I possess!" cried Bruno,—"my ape and my parrot."

"What! is that all?" exclaimed the family, in a single voice.

"With my sailor's chest, which is not badly off for stockings without feet, and shirts without sleeves. But one need not be sad for all that, my children. While the conscience and stomach are in a good condition, all else is but a farce. But, excuse me, sister-in-law, I see there some cider, and your four leagues of land sailing has pretty well dried up my throat. Houp! Rochambeau, salute your relations."

The monkey made three set gambols, then went and seated himself at a distance and commenced scratching his head. The sailor, who had already gained the table, here helped himself to drink, to the great consternation of the family. Seeing the table laid, Bruno seated himself without any ceremony, and declared he was dying of hunger. In spite of everything, it was now necessary to serve up the flitch of bacon and the apple-pudding, which had been perceived; but the widow Mauvaire shut the cupboard door upon the rest.

Martin still continued to interrogate the sailor, who now related how he had sailed, during twenty years, amid the Indian seas, under various colors, without any other gains than his regular pay, which was expended as soon as received. Finally, at the end of about an hour, the evidence appeared conclusive that Uncle Bruno had no other fortune than vast good humor and an excellent appetite.

The disappointment was general, but betrayed according to the peculiar character of each individual. Whilst it raised in the heart of Clemence only a degree of surprise mingled with sadness, Martin was vexed and humiliated, and the widow was filled not only with regret but anger. This change of disposition was not slow in manifesting itself. The monkey having frightened and pursued the youngest child, her grandmama ordered it to be at once banished to an old vacant stable; and the parrot being permitted to pick crumbs out of the sailor's plate, Martin declared it was impossible to endure it. Clemence said nothing, but went out with Julienne to occupy herself with household duties, while the widow resumed her spinning at the threshold of the door. Remaining alone with his nephew, who sought to give his dissatisfied manner the appearance of abstraction, Uncle Bruno quietly replaced the glass which he had emptied by a series of little jerks, whistled for a minute, then, leaning both elbows upon the table, looked Martin steadily in the face.

"Dost thou know, boy," said he, coolly, "that the wind appears to me a little northeast in this house? You have all of you manners that come from a cold heart; not a solitary person has yet addressed to me one word of friendship. It is not in this way that a relation should be received who has not been seen for twenty years."

Martin replied brusquely enough that the reception was all they were able to make it, and that he ought not to expect from them anything better.

"But I have a right to expect kind faces," replied Bruno, "and hang me! you are all colder than stones. Ah! let it rest; enough has been said upon that head, my little one; I do not love family quarrels. Only remember, you will repent of this some day, that is all I have to say."

Having spoken thus, the sailor cut another slice of bacon and began to eat again. Martin, struck by these words, began to have a suspicion. "Uncle Bruno would not have this air of assurance," thought he, "if he possessed, as he pretends, only an ape and a parrot. We have been duped by a ruse; he has wished to prove us, and the menace he has just made has betrayed his secret; quickly let us hasten to repair our stupidity, and reinstate ourselves in his good graces."

Running immediately to his mother and sister, he made known to them his discovery. Both of them hastened to return, with countenances which, so frigid when they went out, were now cheerful and smiling. The widow excused herself by saying household duties had forced her to quit her dear brother-in-law, and she was all astonishment at not seeing the table better served.

"Ah—me! where is the cake?" cried she; "where are the bowls of cream that I had put aside for Bruno? Julienne, what are you thinking of, my dear? and you, Clemence, see if there are not some filberts in the little cupboard; they will serve to sharpen our teeth, and help give a taste for a drink of wine."

The young girl obeyed, and when all was upon the table, she came and seated herself, smiling, opposite the sailor. He regarded her with a satisfied air.

"Ah—well! this is good now; this seems like real and true relatives. I find indeed the daughter of my poor George!" And tapping her under the chin, he continued, "It is not to-day for the first time I have known thee, darling; for a long time some one has spoken to me of thee."

"Who can it be?" asked the young girl, in astonishment.

Before the sailor could reply, a high, shrill voice was heard uttering the name of Clemence. Turning hastily round, she saw no one.

"Aha! thou knowest not who calls thee," said the sailor, smiling.

"Clemence! Clemence!" reiterated the same voice.

"It is the parrot!" cried Martin.

"The parrot?" repeated the young girl; "and who, then, has taught him my name?"

"Some one who has not forgotten you," replied Bruno, fixing his eyes upon her.

"You, my uncle?"

"No, darling, but a young sailor, a native of Omonville."

"Marc?"

"I believe that is his name."

"You have seen him, then, my uncle?"

"A little—by reason of sailing in the same ship in which he had embarked."

"He is returned?"

"With a result from his voyage which will permit him, so he says, to set up housekeeping without requiring from his parents so much as pot hook or trammel."

"And he has spoken to you—"

"Of thee," said the sailor, who finished out the thought of his niece; "frequently enough for Jako to learn the name, as you see."

Clemence blushed with pleasure, and the widow herself could not withhold a gesture of satisfaction. This projected marriage between her daughter and Marc had always been a favorite project, and she was seriously afflicted by the obstacles which the family of the young man had lately thrown in the way of its consummation. Bruno had learned from him that he would only be detained at Dieppe by the necessary formalities of a disembarkation, and that he would probably arrive the next day, more in love than ever. This news rejoiced every one, but particularly Clemence, who embraced her uncle with a sincere transport of gratitude. Bruno retained for an instant her head upon his shoulder.

"Let us see, now that we have become good friends for life and death, is it not so?" said he, smiling; "and in order that you may not become too much wearied by waiting upon a miserable old fellow of a sailor, I will give you my parrot that you may talk to it of him."

Clemence embraced her uncle anew with a thousand thanks, and held out her hands for the bird of which she had no longer any fear. It flew towards her, and, balancing itself upon her arm, cocked its head upon one side, and cried: "Good morning, Clemence,—good-morning!"

Everybody shouted with laughter, and the delighted young girl kissed the bird many times as she carried it away.

"Your coming makes one person happy, brother Bruno," said the widow, who followed her with her eyes.

"I would well wish it were not one alone," replied the sailor, becoming serious. "To you also, sister-in-law, I have something to offer, but I fear it will only recall sad remembrances to your heart."

"It is of my son Didier!" cried the old lady, with the quick instinct of a mother.

"You have said it," replied Bruno. "When he was shipwrecked down below there, we were unfortunately separate. If the good God had placed us in the same vessel, who knows? I, who can swim like a porpoise, might have been able to shoulder him again, as at the affair of Treport."

"Truly, you have once saved his life!" exclaimed the old lady, suddenly recalling a distant recollection; "I ought never, never to forget it, brother-in-law!" and she held out to him her hand, which he took, kindly, between his own.

"Bah! it is nothing," said he; "a simple neighborly service; but, in the Indies, it was very little I could do; when our ship arrived, that of Didier had been ashore fifteen days. All I was able to do, therefore, was to find out where he was buried, and put up a bamboo cross over his grave."

"You have done that!" cried the mother, bathed in tears. "O, thanks, Bruno,—thanks, brother!"

"That is not all," replied the sailor, who was becoming moved in spite of himself: "I found that those beggarly Lascars had sold the clothes of the drowned boy, and by dint of a little searching, I discovered the watch of my nephew, which I brought back, together with all articles of any value, and have brought them to you, sister-in-law; here they are."

So saying, he showed to the old lady a great silver watch suspended at the end of a tarred rope-yarn. The widow seized it, uttering a stifled cry, and kissed it many times. All the females were weeping. Martin himself appeared very much moved; and as for Bruno, he hemmed, coughed, and, at last, tried, by drinking, to hide the tenderness of his feelings.

When the widow Mauvaire could find words, she embraced the worthy sailor, and thanked him warmly. All her ill-humor had disappeared; she thought no longer of those ideas which first pre-occupied her, but was entirely given up to the recognition of the precious gift which recalled a son so cruelly torn away.

The conversation with Bruno now became more free and amicable. His explanations permitted them no longer to be deceived in regard to his true position. The uncle from America had returned as poor as he went away. In declaring to his nephew that he and his would some day repent of their coldness, he had thought only of those regrets which they would be likely to experience, sooner or later, from having mistreated a kind and well-disposed relative; all the rest was merely an induction from Martin. Whilst this discovery destroyed definitely the hopes of both mother and daughter, they changed nothing of their manners. Both of them won the heart of Uncle Bruno, by preserving, from choice, toward him the same degree of kindness and affection which had first been displayed through interest; and both now endeavored even to anticipate his wishes.

The sailor, for whom they had displayed all the resources of their humble household, now rose from the table, when Martin, who had gone out for an instant, entered suddenly, and demanded of Bruno if he was willing to sell his ape.

"Rochambeau?" replied the sailor; "no—no! not I. I have raised him; he obeys me; he is my servant and my companion. I would not give him up for ten times what he is worth. But who is it that wishes to buy him?"

"It is monsieur the count," said the young man. "Just as he was passing by, he saw the animal, and is so much pleased that he begs me to name the price, and he will take him."

"Ah—well! you may tell him that we shall keep him," said Bruno, lighting his pipe.

Martin made a gesture of disappointment.

"It is a trick of misfortune," said he. "Monsieur the count was just recalling his promises. He had said to me if he could have the creature, he would make arrangements with me for the situation of receiver of his farms."

"Ah—me! what a pity!" cried the widow, with an accent of affliction.

Bruno made them explain the affair to him.

"It is thus—is it?" said he, after a moment's reflection. "You hoped, by obtaining Rochambeau for the count, to procure the employment which you desire?"

"I was almost sure of it," replied Martin.

"Ah—well!" cried the sailor, brusquely; "I will not sell the animal, but I will give it to him. Offer him to my lord, and he must needs find it necessary to recognize the politeness."

At this there was a general concert of thanks, which the sailor cut short by sending his nephew to the chateau with Rochambeau. Martin was very well received by the count, who conversed some time with him, and then said he evidently was well qualified to fulfil the duties required by the situation of receiver, and desired him to accept it. We can understand the joy of the family when he returned with this news. The widow, wishing to expiate her faults, avowed to the sailor the interested hopes to which his return had given birth. Bruno nearly choked himself with laughter.

"By my eyes and tarpaulin!" cried he, "a pretty joke I have played you. Expecting me to return with millions, and all I have brought is two useless beasts!"

"You deceive yourself, uncle," said Clemence, sweetly; "you have brought us three priceless treasures: through you my mother has a precious souvenir, my brother his occupation, and myself—I—I have hope!"

Anthracite Ashes.—Anthracite, or hard coal ashes—long deemed as worthless to vegetation, and as an actual injury to the soil—are endued with properties which render them valuable when applied as manure. Persons residing in the vicinity of cities and seaport towns, would do well to bear this fact in mind, and to collect as large quantities as practicable for the benefit of their crops. We have plenty of evidence of their excellent effect on gardens.—*New Eng. Farmer.*

## Jester's Picnic.

"Wall, stranger," said a backwoodsman to a man whom the landlord of the hotel both were stopping at had detailed to sleep with him, "wall, stranger, I've no objection to your sleeping with me, none in the least, but it seems to me the bed's rather narrow for you to sleep comfortable, considering how I dream. You see I am an old trapper, and generally dream of shootin' and scalpin' Injuns. Where I stopped night afore last they charged me five dollars extra, 'cause I happened to whittle up the head-board in the night. But you can come, stranger, if you like—I feel kinder peaceable now."

"I think," said Mrs. Partington, getting up from the breakfast table, "I will take a tower, or go upon a discursion. The bill says, if I collect rightly, that a party is to go to a very plural spot, and to mistake of a cold collection. I hope it wont be so cold as ours for the poor, last Sunday; why there warnt efficient to buy a feet of wood for a restitute widder." And the old lady put on her calash.

A lady riding in the cars a few weeks since, found herself seated by the side of an old matron, who was exceedingly deaf. "Ma'am," said she, in a high tone, "did you ever try electricity?" "What did you say, miss?" "I asked you if you ever tried electricity for your deafness?" "O, yes, indeed I did; it's only last summer I got struck by lightning, but I don't see as it did me a bit of good."

"Cato, does you know them Johnsings up dar in Congo Place, is gwine to be very 'spectable folks?" "Wall, Scipio, I tort dey were getting along bery well, but I doesn't know how 'spectable dey am." "How 'spectable does you tink, Cato?" "Wall, guess about tree tousend dollars." "More 'spectable dan dat" "Well, how 'spectable are dey?" "Why, five tousend dollars an' a house an' lot."

"I say, Massa John, de ole gubnor call in dis arternoon." "Well, what was he after, Pomp?" "Arter *noon*, Massa John. Didn't I say he come *arter noon?*" "No! But what did he say it was about?" "*'Bout?* Massa John, he say it am *'bout ha'f pass tree o'clock!*" Pomp dodged the bootjack, and did not come near "Massa John" any more that "arternoon!"

A certain author, married to a rich girl, had many of his pieces represented by paying round sums to the manager. His wife, who thought all authors employed the same means, said one day, on glancing at the newspaper: "Three pieces of M. Scribe this week! What extravagance! He'll surely ruin himself."

*Notice.*—If the young ladies at No. 10 do not within four-and twenty hours from the publication of this notice remove their piano from the wall it now stands against, the old bachelor at No 9 will have an extra-sized brass knocker fixed on *his* side of the partition, and will engage a retired postman to perform a regular accompaniment to the music.

A fellow who had written some namby pamby verses, submitted them to the inspection of "a blue stocking quiz." "Don't you think, madam, they have pathos and elegance?" said he. "Yes, sir," she replied, "and I dare say they would shine, if you would communicate a little fire to them."

*New Kind of Head Dress.*—Mistress—Jane, are you sure it was Mrs. Smithers who called? Come, tell me now, how was she dressed?

Jane—Why, if you please, mum, she was a-going to the theayter, or a ball, and she had on her 'ead a great big turbot, mum, and there was a whale over that, mum.

Col —— being once importuned by a diminutive tailor for payment of a bill, contemptuously exclaimed: "If you were not such a little reptile, I would kick you down stairs." "Little reptile!" remonstrated the dunner; "and what if I am? Recollect, colonel, that we can't all be great brutes!"

In the year 1784, the Legislature of Pennsylvania, to abolish the practice then prevailing, passed the following resolution, after considerable opposition:

"That hereafter no member shall come into the chamber barefooted, nor eat his cheese on the steps of the capitol."

Scholar (looking very melancholy)—Miss R., you know that stable what fell down in Richmond Street?

Mistress—Well, my child, what of it?

Scholar—Why, that horse what was killed was my father's, and he was the fastestest horse in Boston *to go to a funeral.*

A countryman entered Whipple's daguerreotype saloon recently, and wished a daguerreotype of his uncle. "I can do it, sir, but where is he?" "O, he's dead!" was the simple reply; "but I've got a description of him in an old passport."

People make by travelling. In England, our Mullen weed is known as the "American Velvet Plant." As we have said, on a former occasion, if you wish to be appreciated, leave home.


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